THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NIGHT BOMBARDMENT BY THE MORTAR BOATS OF ISLAND NO. 10.

We copy the above engraving from "Frank Leslie," in order to give our readers an idea of the famous iron-clad mortar-boats, now employed in bombarding Island No. 10. Mr. Lovie, from whose sketch the engraving is made, says:—"The study of mortar firing is very interesting. The shell itself can be seen at night during its entire flight, the fuse having the appearance of a star, which appears and disappears as the shell rolls through the air, very like the twinkling of the celestial orbs. The explosion of the shell at night is a magnificent and fearful sight, sending a glow of surpassing brightness around it as though some world of combustible light had burst."

TRISTE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That last hour I saw her stand
'Neath the church's azure roof,
With a still face passion proof,

Clasping tightly in her hand
The sad cross, her only friend,
Now her world was at an end.

Not one blood-drop in her cheek
Tried to make its pretty show,
She was whiter than the snow.

Very fair she seemed and meek,
But such sweet mouth's silent pain
May I never see again!

Oh, why would she stand so still?
All my heart grew sick with dread
Till she gently raised her head.

And I met with anguished thrill
One look of those eyes of brown—
Wild, despairing, hunted down.

God forgive me, tortured one,
If one added pang thou hast
From the sharp sword of my Past.

But the world for both is done;
Thou with tears and prayers to dwell
In a little convent cell.

As for me, though earth is wide,
I shall never find a place
Free from hauntings of thy face.

Never from my eyes can hide
Thy last look of patient pain,
Unless Heaven bring peace again!

A LITTLE WITCH.

How much we lose by not making the acquaintance of our cousins the brutes! I say we courteously, for I am not included in the class of persons who are contumacious to dogs, horses, and other quadrupedal inhabitants of our planet. The fact is I am more interested in a beaver than a beau; and a chained bear, who travels all his waking-hours in a circle, and always turns a somersault at a particular point, is much more interesting to me than a fashionable young fellow doing very much the same thing. I was always very odd, and I cannot tell whether I first liked William Cumming for his horse Selim, or for himself. Selim was a wonderful fellow, and had cost a fabulous price, though he had a bad name. No one had ever ridden him but William Cumming, and yet the first five minutes of our acquaintance made us friends. Selim arched his proud neck to kiss me; and I patted his glossy coat, and smoothed his mane, and put my side-saddle on him with my own hands.

"You must not ride him," said William. "What would be my portion, if any accident should befal you in your mother's absence? If she were here to give her consent—"

"Nonsense!" I cried; "my mother is used to my ways, and she is not a coward. Selim and I are friends, you can see."

"But he will try to be master, and your hands are not iron, my little friend."

"Never you fear," said I; "I will turn him three ways at once, if he insists on running away. Skill is better than hard work in most affairs, and especially in managing a horse."

"Who taught you skill in managing a horse?" said he.

"Common sense," I replied. "Now let me go."

"Common sense at thirteen!" said William laughing; and he took off the side-saddle, and replaced it with his own, and then he rode away.

I went up to my room, and cried bitterly. Girls and babies don't *weep*—they *cry*. When my eyes were red, and my curls in a tangle, I looked in the glass. I was at a trying age; my collar-bones were prominent, and had "salt cellars," with dreadful shadows, and my arms were skin and bones. A weaver would have said that I was "all warp, and no filling." William Cumming was thirty years old, and had a farm adjoining my father's. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and cultivated his own land, and had the handsomest horses in the country. I had a great respect for him, though I am afraid he was indebted to his four-footed friends for a portion of it.

I have said that I was odd. My senses had a sort of preternatural acuteness that seemed miraculous to others, and I am not quite sure but that I had a sense more than belonged to my acquaintances. William Cumming used to call me "a little witch," because I could tell him what he was quite sure I did not know, and could not find out by any natural means—but he meant *usual*, I think, when he said *natural*. My ways of acquiring information were very simple, and natural to me; still, as I had established a character for extraordinary "knowingness," I got credit when I did not deserve it.

For instance, when I said to my little brother: "How came you to go into the china closet, and take mamma's oranges?" he answered, redolent of the odor of the purloined fruit: "Oh, sister, how could you see me through the door, when it was locked?" and he went away convinced that I was something very like a witch. Older persons, in a similar manner, cheated themselves into the belief that my gifts were much more wonderful than they were.

"Are you quite sure you are not a little witch?" said William Cumming. "Selim kissed you and laid his nose on your shoulder, the first five minutes of your acquaintance."

I answered him with some impatience: "I wish people had as much sense as horses. They know who mean well by them, while people are always suspecting one. They suspect poor little me of witchery, or the black-art. Even you, Uncle William, are afraid I will cheat you."

I was grieved, perhaps a little angry, that I had not been trusted to ride Selim; and now William had returned, I wished to punish him. But he took no notice of my ill humor, and said very pleasantly: "Tell me, by your black-art, where I have been the last half hour."

He was standing by the door, and I was at the opposite side of the room, but I was in the draught of air, and I answered: "You have been whisking the flies off Selim with a bunch of penny-royal, and you have been over to the bank where the wild-thyme grows, and you have been among the wild-roses on Ginger Hill. I know all this, though I have been here all the while."

He walked over to where I was standing, and said—

"How do you know all this?"

As he came beside me, I said—

"And you saw Mary Stacy, and shook hands with her; and you have something in your pocket from Luke Stacy."

"How do you know all this?" said he, wonder struck, as he had been half-a-dozen times before. "No spy-glass could tell you this, for Mary was at home in her father's house beyond the hill; and the thyme-bank is beyond that, and hidden from everybody; and the roses and penny-royal are beyond the hill; and the whole is three miles from here. You could not have followed me, unless you had been on the back of another Selim; and, besides, you say that you have been here all the time. How do you know that I have something in my pocket from Luke Stacy; and what is it?"

"It is a letter," said I, "that he has brought you from some one."

"Even so. What you say is all true: but how do you know it?"

"Simply, and only," I replied, "because I have a nose. When you came in, I smelt Selim and the penny-royal. The mingled odors told me that you had been brushing the flies off the horse with some sprigs of the herb. The next odor I smelt was the thyme, and then the wild-roses. When you came to this side the room, I smelt the verbena—the only perfume Mary Stacy uses. When you came a little nearer, I smelt Turkish tobacco and the sizing of paper: and then I was sure you had some paper from Luke Stacy, and the most probable idea was, that it was a letter. Why, I can smell Luke at the lower end of our lane, when I stand in the door. Now you can see that I have fairly accounted for everything."

"Except for the fact that you are all nose," said William. "You are a cross between a vulture and a dove. But I must attend to Selim. I daresay he thinks he is hungry."

He went out to see to the horse, but he was gone. He looked all around, but did not find him.

"He is stolen," said William, much alarmed, "I saw an ill-looking fellow watching me as I rode home. The gate is shut, and there was no way for him to disappear, unless some one has taken him."

"The gate is shut," said I, "but it is not fastened."

The gate was fastened by a pin, which was put in a hole bored in the gate-post. When this pin was taken out, the gate swung open, and if the wind were right, it might be closed again. I examined and found the pin on the wrong side of the gate, which had evidently been closed by the wind. I smelled the pin; Selim's breath was warm on it. This was perfectly perceptible to me, but not to William.

"Selim don't know enough to take out that pin, and then replace it," said he.

"He has more sense than a great many men," I said, as I passed into the orchard, when the crushed clover blossoms gave me notice that the horse had passed but a few minutes previous. "If I find him over the hill, may I ride him, Uncle William?"

"You will not find him," he answered.

I ran to the top of the hill. On the other side, Selim was trying to eat with his bit between his teeth. I went to him and tried to unbuckle the bridle on the wrong side. He quietly turned the other side of his head to my awkward hands, putting the right buckle pertinaciously before me, till I unfastened it. William Cumming came along, greatly pleased, but said that Selim should do the gate-trick again, that he might see him. So he led him back, and left him to himself in the yard again. He drew out the gate-pin with his teeth, and when the gate swung open, he put the pin again in the hole, and went his way to feast upon the sweet grass.

"Leave him to me," said I; "I will take care of him." When William was gone, and Selim was satisfied with the grass, I called him by a low whistle that his master used. He trotted up to me, and laid his nose upon my shoulder. I led him to the door, and saddled him with my own side-saddle, and then, with very little preparation, I started for a contraband ride. Selim cantered away, seemingly proud of his burden, and I was rocked in the cradle of an ecstatic delight. There is, in my opinion, no terrestrial ecstacy to be compared with a canter, provided your horse be of the right kind, and the atmosphere and scenery equally desirable. For myself, I want no company but my horse. I do not want to put my foot in the hand of any cavalier; but I want to spring into my aerial cradle, and skim over hill and dale, like a creature with wings.

Once only Selim tried my mettle; but when he found that I understood his game, and swayed him first to one side, and then to the other, and finally turned him completely round, he made up his mind to go swiftly forward, and give me no trouble. I patted his neck, to let him know that I appreciated his good manners; and after a canter of ten miles, I turned him homeward. On the way, I saw the same ill-looking fellow watching the horse that William had observed. We compared descriptions, and found that he was the same person. William was delighted to know that I had ridden Selim without accident or ill-behavior on the part of the horse. His partiality for the orchard caused him to be left there in the clover, and the next day he was stolen. The hill separated him from our sight, and a breach was made in the fence, and he was taken away about mid-day. My father had been to the village, three miles distant, and was returning. Just as he left the village, he came into a piece of woody ground. Recent rains had filled puddles in the road that were miniature ponds. As he entered the wood, he saw Selim approaching, backed by a strange rider, even the ill-looking fellow, who had just succeeded in stealing him. In the middle of one of the largest pools of water, Selim very deliberately lay down, and rolled, so as to detach his rider; he then rose suddenly, and galloped away at the top of his speed. The fellow got up. He was "the knight of the rueful countenance" and rueful coat, and all other habiliments, when my father met him.

"My horse has thrown me," said he, using some bad adjectives to Selim's discredit.

"Where did you get that horse?" said my father.

"I bought him on a farm about three miles from here."

"How much did you give?" asked my father.

"Twenty-five pounds; and I'll have my money back: I will never keep such a brute."

William Cumming had paid one hundred and twenty-five, and he valued the horse at double that sum.

"That story can't impose upon me," said my father. "Only two persons were ever on that horse's back before; and when you steal another horse, you will do well to find out beforehand whether you can ride him. It is not nice to be spilt in a mud puddle; but you may congratulate yourself that you deserve it." He drove on, leaving the crest-fallen villain dripping with dirty water.

Not long after this, we heard of the arrest and conviction of a horse-thief, and on inquiry we learned that he was the same person who had been treated so unceremoniously to a mud-bath by Selim. He was sentenced to the state prison for four years. During this time, I felt very secure about Selim; and William used to tell me that I thought there was only one rascal in the world. The days flew by, for my youth was happy. Four years fled, and I was in my eighteenth year. William Cumming had been my instructor in many things and my friend in all during this time. I always called him Uncle William; and it never occurred to me that our relations could be changed. People asked why he did not marry. He said that his old bachelorism was a chronic complaint, and would probably never be cured. I remember one night as I lay in bed, that the thought occurred to me: What if William Cumming should marry? It is surely no harm to speak of it now, for he has been married several years, and I—But I will not anticipate.

The pretty widow, Mrs. Jameson, had been staying a month with a friend in our neighborhood, and William had been very polite to her, and what was worse than all, he had promised that she should ride Selim. The next day was appointed for her to ride, and by a not very strange coincidence, I this night asked myself the question: "Why cannot I be married to William Cumming?" The answer was: "He is old enough to be my father."

The beautiful Mrs. Jameson was still young, but much nearer William's age than I was. My pulse beat fast, and the long vista of my future life looked gloomy and terrible. After tormenting myself till I thought I wanted to die, I fell asleep. I awoke in a kind of shuddering horror. I had heard sounds the like of which I had never heard before; they seemed compounded of the squeal of a horse and the groans and cries of a human being. I was sure I had heard these sounds, that it was not a sleeping fancy; but when I was fully awake, I heard them no more. It was a warm night in the latter part of June, and my windows were raised. I slept on the second floor, and two large windows of my room faced the south. Half a mile, in a direct line from these windows, was a post-road. I was sure that the sounds I had heard came from the road, or its near vicinity. I listened earnestly, but all was still. Suddenly there floated into my room, filling it, as it were, an odor, that I was perfectly sure was from warm human blood. I shrank down into my bed, and shook with horror; then, with a great effort of my will, I arose, threw on a dressing-gown, and hurried to my father's room.

"Father, father!" I cried, "come with me."

"What is it, Agnes, dear!" said my mother. "What has frightened you?"

"I thought I heard some one," said I evasively. I waited for my father to dress, and it seemed an hour's time, though only a few minutes, that he was hastily putting on his clothes.

When we were out of hearing of my mother, I told him of the sounds and of the smell of blood. He always believed me when I told him of anything that seemed incredible, for he had much experience of the truth of the testimony of my senses.

"Father," said I, "half a mile from here, close to the post-road, a human being is lying, bleeding to death. I am sure of it."

My father took a lantern, and went for William Cumming; I dressed, and when they came, I led the way to the spot, where I was convinced we would find some one dead or dying. The howling of the dog that preceded us struck us all with a sad solemnity. As we drew near the edge of our field, which was bounded by the road, we saw a horse standing, and as we came nearer, we saw it was Selim. Lying beside him, was a man.—My father stooped to examine, and said:—

"I believe he is dead."

The halter was buckled to his arm, and he was bitten horribly in his arms and legs, and had bled to death. They raised him, and laid him on the back of the now docile Selim, thinking that perhaps he had only fainted. They took him to our house; but he was quite dead. He proved to be the thief who had stolen Selim before, and who had only been three days out of prison. After the necessary formalities, the poor wretch was buried. Selim never passed the place where he had killed him without being seized with a severe fit of shuddering.

I was very ill from the shock of this dreadful scene. I believe I was out of my senses, and had a sort of brain fever, which was very much aggravated when the widow Jameson called to see me.

When I was recovering, when I was very well but very weak, I was one day alone with William Cumming; I was looking at him, and thinking how noble and beautiful he was, and then I thought of the widow Jameson, and of her beauty, and I said:

"Uncle William, has Mrs. Jameson ridden Selim yet?"

"Agnes, dear," said he, almost impatiently, "I wish you would never call me 'Uncle William' again;" and his forehead had an ugly scowl on it, which greatly marred its exceeding beauty.

I blushed scarlet, but I said nothing.

"Please, promise never to call me uncle again," he said, beseechingly.

A sweet thrill of happiness stole into my heart, and I said, blushing and smiling—

"Why should I not call you uncle, and Mrs. Jameson aunt, when she is your wife?"

"My wife!" said he vehemently; "I shall never marry, unless my little Agnes will be my wife."

"You would not marry a *little witch*," said I.

"And you would not marry an old bachelor, almost as old as your father," said he.

I wanted to say: "Who said I would not!" but I did say:

"I am so strange, and unlike everybody else, that you could never be willing to take me for your wife."

"Willing!" said William; "I would give the wealth of the world to call you my wife, *little witch* as you are. Will you leave calling me Uncle William, and be my little wife, Agnes, my heart's pet, my darling?"

I was sitting beside him in my weakness; his arm stole round my waist, my head sunk upon his bosom, he clasped me in a fervent embrace, and said "*Mine for ever*," and I answered: "*Mine for ever.*"

Selim is eighteen years old to-day, and my eldest daughter is ten. She is a lovely girl, more like her father than like me, and to my great joy, she is no way peculiar; unless being a great romp, and very healthy and brilliant in her complexion, may be considered unusual in this day of prim schools and pale girls.

One thing is certain, and it is a great comfort to me, that though she is a child of good sense, and good capacity for moral and intellectual attainments, she is never called "*a little witch.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE ENGLISH JOURNALISTS.

The comments of the English journalists on the President's Emancipation Message, manifest even more ignorance than usual of the state of affairs on this side of the Atlantic. They apppear to consider it as a kind of "compromise" offered to the rebels. For instance, we read in the telegraphic summary:—

The Times fears the proposed Utopia of compromise will be difficult of access, nor does it believe that it will shake the resolution of the South. As a proposition, however, which may possibly lead to the cessation of the frightful conflict, the Times thinks it worthy of discussion.

The Daily News thinks the proposition fair, moderate, and magnanimous. It says—"The scheme affords at least a good basis for comprehensive, practicable and amicable debate; only the public, by whom it has to be discussed, is scarcely capable of the order needed for real deliberation and decision."(!)

The Morning Star also approves of the proposition.

The London Herald thinks that both sides will regard it as a dishonorable compromise.

The Morning Post treats it as a puerile and vain scheme. It says—"It can only be accounted for as being the last resource of a government which feels that it would make any sacrifice short of submission."

The London Globe regards the proposition as "a piece of political strategy in aid of General McClellan, which is certainly well timed for securing the border states to the North."

Could anything be wider of the mark? We would inform those of our English cousins who read the Post, that their journalists have totally misconceived the character of the President's proposition. It is not even an attempt at an offer of compromise. Whether it would please or displease the rebels, probably was not even in the President's thoughts.

So far as it is a compromise, we would inform them, it is a compromise of the conservative and radical elements which constitute the Republican party, and which were on the point of coming to an open rupture, when the President sent in the Message in question, and thus set forth a policy on which that party could harmonize and unite.

It was doubtless also the object of the President to conciliate his political opponents of the North, and the Union men of the border slaveholding states—by proving to them, especially to the latter, that the policy of his administration was not of that ultra character which some represented it to be.

The *London Times*' notion that the resolution of the rebel Congress to destroy their tobacco and cotton was meant as a defiant response to the President's "offer of compromise," is simply absurd. The rebels probably never even thought of President Lincoln's message in coming to such a conclusion.

We suppose it is in vain to hope that the English journalists should learn to avoid such ridiculous blunders in the future. Manifestations of such utter ignorance may be deplored, but we suppose they cannot be remedied. There seems to be something in the mental constitution of John Bull which renders him entirely unable to understand Brother Jonathan—not only as to the latter's political affairs, but even as to the geography of the country he inhabits. Of course it would not do to impute such errors to the neglect of proper study.

THE FIRST AT THE CAPITAL.

Our Boston friends always will have it that Massachusetts was the first to fly to the rescue of the capital in the dark days of April, a year ago. But we of the Keystone State cannot submit to being pushed aside in this manner. The *Press*, of this city, says:—

We understand that a gentleman of high position and cool judgment, who has taken a very prominent part in public affairs ever since the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, recently declared that the small band of Pennsylvania troops, who arrived at Washington on the 18th of April, saved the capital from seizure by the conspiratore. In his judgment, *if their response to the call of the President had been less prompt, the traitors would inevitably have gained possession of the archives and public buildings of the nation, and probably of the highest officers of the Government. * * Five Pennsylvania volunteer companies, numbering in all about four hundred and fifty men, reached Washington in time to turn back the tide of treason that was about to overwhelm the country.*

Massachusetts deserves the honor of having the *first regiment* on the ground—but to Pennsylvania belongs the credit of having five companies, one of them a company of artillery, at Washington in time to utterly defeat the machinations of the conspirators.

THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

We wonder if our readers are acquainted with the following facts, set forth in a Report of the Committee of Commerce of the House of Representatives:—

The territory of the British possessions contains an area of three million four hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and eighty square miles—*more than is owned by the United States*, and not much less than the whole of Europe, with its family of nations. The "Maritime Provinces" of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, are equal in extent to Holland, Greece, Belgium, Portugal, and Switzerland; Canada, independently of its north-western possessions, is three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland; but the future and ultimate value of the country to the North of the United States is to be found chiefly in the unoccupied regions of the north west. The isothermal line of sixty degrees rises throughout the summer months on the great interior plains of this continent as high as the sixty-first parallel, its average position in Europe; and it is asserted by many travellers and men of science that *the habitable area of this region, west of Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, comprises sufficient territory to make twenty-five states equal in size to Illinois. Spring opens almost at the same time throughout the vast plains extending from St. Paul's to the Mackenzie River, a distance of about twelve hundred miles.*

The present population of the various Provinces may be fairly estimated at three million five hundred thousand. Nearly one-third of the inhabitants are of the French race, but two-thirds owe their origin either to the United States or to the British Islands.

We are pleased to see that the Committee take broad and liberal grounds relative to our commercial relations with our Northern neighbors—recommending, in conclusion, "that three commissioners be appointed by the President of the United States to confer with persons duly authorized by Great Britain in that behalf, with a view to enlarging the basis of the former treaty, and for the removal of existing difficulties."

If the present "Reciprocity Treaty" fails in being truly reciprocal, that is a good reason for amending it. But we trust that those business relations which inevitably lead to kind and friendly feelings will be encouraged between ourselves and our neighbors. Our interests are in the main the same—especially so far as the great political interests of the Continent are concerned, involving our independence of European intrigues and projects—and the force of natural gravitation, if no disturbing influences are allowed to intervene, must inevitably draw the bonds of affinity between us and our northern neighbors closer and closer, until we shall be connected either in a very close alliance, or as members of the same great Union.

THE CENSORSHIP.

A gentleman, who arrived at Washington from Fortress Monroe on the 4th, states that our officers there generally obtain the first and most authentic news of the movements of our army from the Norfolk and Richmond papers. This may appear very strange, but there is, nevertheless, a great deal of truth in it.

We have never had much faith in the usefulness of the news censorship of the press, except in this respect—that it closes the mouths of military officers when they blunder, so that they can no longer lay all the blame upon "those confounded reporters." This of itself, however, is a sufficiently good reason for the censorship. As to the rebels, nothing has occurred in the whole history of the war, so far as we recollect, to warrant us in supposing that they have not had full and accurate information of every important movement the Union troops have made. We do not remember that they have been caught once napping.

THE QUAKER GUNS.

The question as to the fact whether the rebels had wooden guns in position at Centreville, may be almost considered settled. The Rev. H. Mattison, Pastor of the St. John's Methodist Church, New York, writes as follows:—

"I was at Centreville, in company with my son and a Mr. Watkins, of Sandy Creek, N. Y., on Monday and Tuesday, March 25 and 26, some days after Dr. Bellows's visit. I examined and took diagrams of four of the six small forts at that place; and in other of those forts *I examined and counted eleven 'Quaker guns,' or wooden cannon*; and, as Caleb and Joshua brought back a cluster of grapes with them from the Land of Canaan, to illustrate what they affirmed of the country, *so I secured one of the veritable 'Quaker guns' in dispute, entire, and it is now on the way to this city.*"

The artist of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," further says:—

"I see it stated in the newspapers that there were no 'Quaker' guns in the rebel lines. That is not the fact. I saw them at Centreville; they were made of rough logs, with the muzzle painted black, with a gray rim around it. I have copied their appearance exactly in my sketch."

THE ESCAPE OF THE NASHVILLE.—A statement has been published which goes to prove that Secretary Welles is in no way responsible for the escape of the rebel steamer Nashville from Beaufort. The very day that the news came of the Nashville's having run into Beaufort, the Secretary telegraphed to have two gunboats sent from Boston to that point, and an effort was also made to get a steamer off from Baltimore. Owing to certain repairs being necessary, the boats did not arrive at Beaufort until a day or two too late. We do not think very highly of the general efficiency of Mr. Welles, but "fair play is a jewel."

TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS.

The following important order from the War Department appeared on the 4th:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 4, 1862.

Ordered—First, That the portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department and the Blue Ridge shall constitute a Military Department, to be called the Department of the Shenandoah, and be under the command of Major-General Banks.

Second, That the portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac and the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, including the country between the Potomac and Patuxent, shall be a Military District, to be called the Department of the Rappahannock, and be under the command of Major-General McDowell.

By order of the President.
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

General Banks is thus made the head of an independent Department lying west of the Blue Ridge, in the valley through which the Shenandoah flows, and down which he has recently been pursuing the rebel General Jackson towards Staunton, which town lies on the Virginia Central Railroad, sixty miles west of Gordonsville.

General McDowell also has been given an independent Department, lying between the Blue Ridge on the west, and the Potomac and the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad on the east. The railroad in question runs southwardly to Richmond from Aquia Creek; Richmond being almost due south from Washington. The strip of country south of Washington, *east* of the Potomac, and between it and the Patuxent, is also included in McDowell's Department.

This leaves General McClellan without any command in the vicinity of Washington. Where his field of action now is we are not officially informed, and therefore we suppose it must not even be surmised. The majority of readers, however, probably will be able to give a very good guess at it.

OUR PRINTING OFFICE.

We would call the attention of those of our friends and subscribers who desire printing done, in the shape of books, pamphlets, newspapers, catalogues, books of evidence, &c., to the SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB OFFICE, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, a short distance below Chestnut street. Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth streets. As proof of the quality of the work done at our job office, we would refer to the publishers of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, THE LITTLE PILGRIM, "SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES," "THE PHILADELPHIA HEALTH JOURNAL," "TUCKETT'S INSURANCE JOURNAL," &c., &c. A recent number of the last mentioned periodical says:—

OUR PRINTERS.—Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 319 Walnut street, have had care of the mechanical department of this journal since its first publication, ten years ago, and will continue to print it as heretofore. The establishment is one of the oldest and most respectable, both in point of character and business facilities, that can be found in a city always famous for enterprising printers and publishers.

While the "HEALTH JOURNAL" says:—

THE PHILADELPHIA HEALTH JOURNAL is printed in the establishment of Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, who are the Proprietors of that excellent Weekly Sheet, "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST." *We are often asked the question, "Who prints the Health Journal?' We flatter ourselves, that, for neatness and economy, we could not find a superior establishment. Everybody is delighted with the fine appearance of this Journal, which reflects much credit upon the gentlemen who print it.*

TRIBUTE TO A PHILADELPHIAN.

A telegraphic despatch from Cincinnati recently announced that Parson Brownlow had accepted the liberal offer tendered by Mr. George W. Childs, of this city, of $10,000, for the copyright of the forthcoming history of the adventures and sufferings of the patriotic Tennessee editor. The volume will doubtless form a deeply interesting contribution to the history of the rebellion. The *Boston Transcript* recently contained the following tribute to Mr. Childs's enterprize as a publisher:—

"Mr. Childs has long since endeared himself to all men of letters and lovers of books, by having had the courage and the enthusiasm for literature to second S. Austin Allibone's noble labors, by the publication of the Dictionary of Authors. Of the need, the value and the thorough necessity of this work our readers are well informed. One of the most beautiful works ever issued in Philadelphia, and one of the most successful in the whole catalogue of American books, is Dr. Kane's Record of Arctic Adventure, written at the suggestion, and published under the auspices of Mr. Childs.

"To the same enlightened taste the public are indebted for those admirable educational manuals on Astronomy and other subjects, prepared by the accomplished wife of his late partner—Mr. Peterson. He has nearly ready a work of special interest to Bostonians—the elaborate historical treatise on the 'Doctrine of a Future Life,' by the Rev. Mr. Alger. He likewise announces an undertaking which cannot fail to prove universally welcome—a Pictorial History of the present War, by Benson J. Lossing. This author's 'Field Book of the Revolution' is a standard household work in the United States. In these and other publications, Mr. Childs exhibits rare sagacity as a man of business and commendable liberality as a publisher. He is one of the few in the 'trade' who cherish a genuine respect for literary labor, and takes a patriotic pride in his vocation. Not only his motto, but his faith, is that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'"

A CURIOUS FACT.

In one of the recent discussions upon the Tax Bill, Mr. Morrill, of the Committee of Ways and Means, said:—"We do not now, with all our cannons and muskets, consume as much powder this year as we do in ordinary years. In times of peace there is more powder used for blasting purposes and in mining coal and iron than we are using at the present time."

☞ Likenesses of George Francis Train are for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price ten cents.

THE GREAT BASE-LINE.

The present war, in its chief features, is distinguished by larger proportions than any other on record, whether we have regard to geographical extent, to the number of combatants in the aggregate, and the number of armies in the field at one time. The base-line of military operations by the Federal government against the revolted States of the South exceeds in length that of any other in either ancient or modern warfare. It may be estimated at fully two thousand miles, pursuing an irregular course from Washington, its eastern terminus, by way of Cumberland, Wheeling and the Ohio river to Cairo, and thence up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and up the Missouri to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, its western terminus. No parallel can be properly adduced in the instance of an army traversing even a greater distance in a single line of advance with the enemy always in front, and with no expectation on the part of its leader of aid or reinforcement, except in the road over which he has passed. Such a line, with many deviations in a northerly or southerly direction, was traversed by Alexander the Great in his march from the Bosphorus to the river Indus, in which he won great battles, encountered many hardships, and made himself master of Asia Minor and Persia. Babylon, where he died, was separated from Macedonia by many extensive countries, celebrated in both sacred and profane history—Mysia, Lydia, Phrygia, Cappadocia, Mesopotamia and Assyria—conveying to the common reader the idea of immense distance, and yet it was not greater than that between Washington and St. Louis, by the route above mentioned. Diverging for a moment from the point immediately before us, we may state that the empire of Alexander, in its greatest length, is exceeded by that of the United States—measuring from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans.

The most distant foreign war in which Rome, during the period of the Republic, was engaged, was that with Mithridates; but the legions under Lucullus and Pompey, when battling with this prince in Bithynia and Pontus, were not further from the capital than would be the volunteer soldiers of Iowa and Wisconsin from their homes when serving in the army of the Potomac. At a later period, in the contest between Constantine and his rivals, Galerius at first and Lucinius afterwards, for the imperial purple and supreme rule in Rome, the former supported by the British legions and with his residence at York, (*Ebracum,*) was not separated from the latter, at the head of the legions in Asia Minor and Syria, and making Nicomedia their capital, by a greater distance than intervene between St. Paul's, Minnesota, and Washington. And yet to reach Nicomedia, which was situated near the eastern coast of the Propontis, from York, the capital of Roman Britain, would compel the traveller to traverse all Europe, as far as it was then known, in its greatest length, and to cross the sea just named.

In modern times, and not long antecedent to our own day, the nearest approach to this lengthened line, in part of permanent possession and in part of military occupation, was seen when Napoleon had entered Moscow. From this ancient capital of Muscovy to Cadiz, on the Atlantic coast, the French eagle was the signal and emblem of imperial sway. But the line between these two extremes was not one of continuous military operations. The only two portions for active field movements were that extending through Spain to the southwest, and that from Wilna to Moscow on the northeast; nor were these entirely unbroken. The extensive intervening countries of France, Germany, and Poland, although they supplied the soldiers, were not the theatre of war at this time; nor could the line, when intersecting them or in other parts, be regarded like our own already sketched, as a base from which were projected at irregular distances a series of new military lines, each of them indicating the forward march of an army.

From this great base of ours, seven armies have set out and fought battles for the suppression of rebellion, viz.: one, the grand army, in eastern Virginia; a second in the valley of the Shenandoah, or in middle, and a third in western Virginia; a fourth in eastern Kentucky, and a fifth in the centre of that state; a sixth on the Mississippi, and a seventh in Missouri. Of these, all are on the advance, and nearly all have been victorious in their encounters with the enemy. The grand army threatens and will soon occupy Richmond, the rebel capital. The army of the Shenandoah is on the advance up the valley, after a hard fought and successful battle. The army of western Virginia has rested in winter quarters in the mountains, after having cleared this portion of the state of the rebel troops. The army of eastern Kentucky having paused, after important successes, is about to enter east Tennessee, and free it from the thraldom of traitors. The great army of central Kentucky, with its headquarters rapidly transferred from Louisville to Nashville, is now on the borders of Alabama and Mississippi, soon to engage in a great battle, or if the enemy retreats without fighting, to secure for itself a triumphant advance to the Gulf of Mexico.

The army of the Mississippi, with the aid of the naval branch, which has already rendered such important services to the army of Kentucky, is descending the great river to take Memphis, when it has overcome some existing obstructions. It cannot be expected to stop short of the occupation of New Orleans, unless anticipated by a successful attack on this city by the Federal troops and flotilla from the ocean. The seventh army, that of Missouri, having freed the state from rebel soldiers and marauders, has entered the hostile state of Arkansas, and beaten an enemy confident in their strength in a battle which will be ever memorable for deeds of heroic bravery on the part of the men, and for skillful strategy on that of their General.

In addition to these several armies, which have been mustered and derive their reinforcements, munitions and provisions from the free states, behind the great base-line, other *corps d'armee* have been sent south by sea, to belt the entire coast by the occupation of the maritime towns and forts of the rebel states and of adjoining territory.—*North American.*

McCLELLAN PARAPHRASED.

[Gen. McClellan's address to the Army of the Potomac makes very fair blank verse, with no alterations of his language, but simply by transpositions:]

Long time inactive was this army kept,
But not without a purpose. Disciplined,
Armed and instructed you were yet to be,—
Yet uncrested your artillery.
Moreover, other armies were to move,
Certain results to further. That you might
To this rebellion that has so distraught
Our country, happy once, give the death blow,
Were you kept back. The patience you have shown
And your reliance on your General
Are worth a dozen victories. I feel
The patient labors of the months now past
Have brought their fruit, and now Potomac sees
Her army a true army; 'tis superb
In its material; for its discipline
And its instruction it may be admired;
Its equipage and arms are excellent.
All, all that I could wish your leaders are.
The moment for the action has arrived,
I know I can trust you to save your land,
And in your faces, riding through the ranks,
I see the sure prestige of victory.
I feel you'll do whate'er I ask of you.
The period of inaction past and gone,
With Rebels now I'll bring you face to face,
And only pray that God defend the right.
In whatso'er direction you may move,
However strange my actions seem to you,
Still bear in mind my fate is linked with yours,
And that I bring you where you wish to be,
On the decisive battle ground. It is
My business there to place you. I'm to watch
Like parent o'er his children over you,
And well you know that from the very depths
Of his own heart your General loves you.
It aye has been, it still shall be, my care
To gain success with th' least loss possible,
Yet if it should be needed for the cause,
A righteous cause, you'll follow to the grave.
God's smile is on us, Victory attends us;
Yet do not think our end will be attained
Without a manly struggle. I will not
Disguise it from you that you have brave foes,
That you'll encounter foemen really worth
The steel you'll use so well. I shall demand
Of you exertions both great and heroic;
Desperate combats, long and rapid marches,
Perhaps privations. These we'll have together;
And when, this sad war over, we return
Unto our homes, we'll feel no higher honor
There is that we can ask than the proud thought
That to Potomac's Army we belonged.

—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

☞ There was a grand shelling business done at Pea Ridge.

☞ WIRE LATHING FOR WALLS.—W. E. Gedge, of London, has secured a patent for the employment of iron wires as a substitute for wood laths used on the walls of rooms that require plastering. The wires are stretched and crossed on the studs and joists, and then secured in screw rings. The wires are fixed at such a distance apart that the priming coat of thick plaster mixed with hair, will adhere to them perfectly. These wires do not shrink nor warp like laths, and on this account they are said to be superior for plastered walls.

☞ Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket!

☞ It may be hard to say which is the worse, too much family government or too little; we prefer the latter.

☞ Commodore Foote is a religious man. We imagine his persuasion is the hard shells.

☞ The man who spends his money for tobacco will certainly get a quid, but never a *quid pro quo.*

☞ The Boston Advertiser says, "There's no knowing where or what the Merrimac will strike next." We trust that the next thing she strikes will be her flag.

☞ The only poet who could describe the doings of our mortar boats is Shell-ey.

☞ The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learnings, as well as the newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know she had them about her.

☞ It is peculiarly the duty of the white race to be cleanly—they show dirt so easily.

☞ The tax on our gold watches will serve to warn us against the Government's going on tick.

☞ A brother of Judge Terry is to take a rebel command in New Mexico. He must belong to the Terry-tories.

☞ There are certain eyes, which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

☞ William Brown, of the Mackerel Brigade, N. Y. V. M., writes from Manassas:—"We have met the enemy and they are hours—ahead of us."

☞ The gas-man can make gas-light in your house, but a wife can make sunshine.

☞ "How do you do, saire?" said a Frenchman to an English acquintance. "Rather poorly, thank you," answered the other. "Nay, my dear saire," said the Frenchman, "don't thank me for your illness—I cannot help it."

☞ One of the iron-clad war steamers building at the East is to have a long instrument for perforation called the "needle." We trust that it will give the Merrimac a stitch in the side.

☞ Slugs are used in the aquarium of the Zoological Garden, Paris, to keep them clean. They are the scavengers of the sea. As soon as an aquarium becomes fouled by decayed plants, a couple of slugs are put into it; it is cleaned in a few hours' time.

☞ VERY NATURAL HISTORY.—The only sound you can see and not hear is the sound of a codfish.

PRENTICEANA.

Let a man turn rebel, and all other crimes will come easy to him.

The rebels intend to retreat South till they find a good line of defence. We recommend them the equinoctial line.

Whenever the rebels pronounce one of their strongholds impregnable, our people go and take it.

Isham G. Harris, Tennessee's late Governor, just superseded by Andy Johnson, is flying from place to place, half dead with terror, and yet he tries to make people think him as bold as a lion. He should be taught to write his Christian name *I sham.*

It is probable that the American Eagle will live long enough to become both a gray eagle and bald eagle.

The Southern Congress still expresses a poor opinion of the United States armies. Ah, wait, gentlemen, and see how they will strike you by-and-by.

The rebels are *right* to retreat further South, but let them not go to New Orleans. We Union men are going there ourselves.

If Cotton was ever king, his crown has turned to dust and ashes upon his withered and blasted brow. King Cotton, like old King Lear, owes his ruin and desolation to the misconduct of his own children, whom he has fed and pampered.

Within the last few weeks the rebels have been driven from four Gibraltars, five Thermopylæ, and any number of Quebecs.

Gen. Floyd at Fort Donelson tried to make the rebel soldiers cut a new entrenchment.—They felt weary, and refused. "Oh, very well," said Floyd, "if you won't cut dirt, I will."

Jeff. Davis boasts that the Southern Confederacy has no floating debt. The debt is certainly too heavy to float, and debt and Confederacy will go together to the bottom.

A woman who, at her country's calamities, raises the cry of "huzza," may deserve to be answered with the cry of "hussy."

We understand that the fashionable people of *Richmond* are getting to be a very *poor* monde.

The Richmond papers say that their city will soon be left in the dark by the failure of gas. That can hardly be a calamity where men should be ashamed to have their faces seen.

When the Federal army was approaching Nashville, Gov. Harris called upon the people to "rally as one man to repel the invader," and ran away by the first train.

WHAT CAME OF A COTTON HANDKERCHIEF.

Within a few weeks there died in one of the towns of Bristol county, a man leaving property to the amount of sixty thousand dollars, who, in his youthful days, was the owner of a ninepenny cotton handkerchief, which, [illegible] instance, has its own history. Upon one balmy day in August, when whortleberries were thick and mosquitoes plenty, he, in company with other juveniles of either sex, made an excursion for the berries. Among them was one rosy lass who was exceedingly annoyed by the numerous *bills* presented, and whose white neck rebelled against their acceptance; but nevertheless the aforesaid *cotton flag* was offered and accepted as a protection, worn home, and that night thrown aside and forgotten.

The girl grew into womanhood, married, and was happy in her forgetfulness of the "cotton loan" or its embrowned and freckled owner. Not so with him. As year succeeded year, and his "pile" increased, that investment in *cotton* troubled him, until not long since he made a certain resolution. The next day there was heard at the lady's residence the miser's nervous knock, and without introduction or parley, he reminded her of the loan which for forty years she had forgotten, and informed her that upon a careful calculation of the debt, he made the loan and interest amount to the exact sum of eighty-seven cents! which he suggested perhaps she would be willing to repay. In reply he was told that it would give her pleasure to discharge her indebtedness to him for even so small a sum, and that night an addition of eighty-seven cents was made to his "pile." The foregoing incident is true.—*Taunton Gazette.*

THE ANCIENTS NOT VULGAR.—One observation cannot fail to strike those who compare the ancient classical languages with the modern, and that is the entire absence of what we call vulgarity in the ancients.—And this is because wealth worship was comparatively unknown to them. We serve either God or Mammon, while with them Plutus was a very subordinate sort of divinity.—The gentleman of the Greek was "the man beautiful and good;" of the Romans, the "vir factus ad unguem," the "perfectly-finished man;" he was formerly even with us the gentle man, or "man of good family;" he is now, with the mass of the people, "the well-off man, who does not externally disgrace his position."

☞ The rebels have made a great many infernal machines that won't explode. Their rebellion is an infernal machine that will.

☞ Notwithstanding General Pillow's constant appeals to his fellow-citizens to take arms, the General himself as constantly takes to his legs.

☞ THE CAP OF LIBERTY.—The explanation of the cap of liberty is this:—"After the death of Cæsar, the conspirators, who had secured his death, marched out with a cap, as the ensign of liberty, carried before them on a spear—the cap without a head indicating that the tyrant had lost his power. From that fact and for this reason, it has ever since been an emblem of liberty."

☞ "TO ARMS!"—Every one has observed the remarkable slenderness of leg in Frenchmen generally. It can only be accounted for, we think, by his disposition to fly to arms on the most trivial provocation.—*English Paper.*

THAT SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

The following is the suspicious letter relative to which Mr. Seward corresponded with President Pierce. It appears to us that the State Department was not warranted in inferring that President P——— necessarily meant *Ex*-President *Pierce*. It would have been more reasonable to suppose it applied to the President of some treasonable organization. The following is the whole letter, an extract from which accompanied that of Mr. Seward to Mr. Pierce of the 20th December, 1861:—

NORTH BRANCH, October 5, 1861.

Dear and Honored Sir—I write to inform you that the C———s, the signature of the S——— of S———, &c., attached with a number of skeleton P———ts, will be found at the house of R——— L———, W. C. W., by the 9th inst.

The work, dear sir, goes bravely on; I have received replies from over sixty different localities, and forwarded them to their proper destination, and I am happy to say, thus far, without a breath of suspicion or any accident. Our fellow citizens are better prepared for the grand movement than even the most sanguine of our leaders dared to hope. The league is extending its ramifications in every direction, and gaining new and valuable adherents daily. I feel greatly strengthened in the belief that when the hour comes to erect our glorious standard, an overwhelming force will spring up at the first trumpet call.

Many who are outwardly rabid in the tyrant's favor, are with us heart and soul. I cannot, in common with C———s S———t, refrain from expressing my astonishment, not to say delight, at the unparalleled success and secrecy which have thus far attended the efforts of the brotherhood. God cannot help blessing a cause whose object is the restoration of a great nation to peace and unity by the overthrow of the blackest and most damnable despotism that ever usurped the liberties of a free people.

It is not difficult to convince an honest, intelligent man that the only way left to restore the Union, and rescue the Constitution from beneath the feet of the tyrants, where it is now lying, is to insure, by concerted action throughout the N———, the success of the S———, until tired and disgusted the conservative element is strong enough to raise and unite if *necessary* with the A——— of the S———, overrun the N——— like a hurricane, sweeping the A——— into eternity, or at least driving them into complete and unconditional submission. This is the only way in which our liberty and our country can be saved. Such a result would again unite the North and South in new bonds of amity and interests, restore the Union in all its former strength and beauty, and the Constitution to the sacred niche from which it has been ruthlessly hurled by the despots. May the league prove the stepping stone to such a result.

I have it from the best authority that the league is doing noble work in M———d, even among the F——— S——— at Ft. M———. If God continues to prosper our efforts, the hour of a union between the N——— and S——— is not far distant. Prepared and united, our force will prove irresistible, and the accursed A——— G——— will be swept into the Atlantic.

"President P———, in his passage, has drawn many brave and influential men to the league. P———y, of the L. C. D———t, sent a line to Dr. F———, (by K———, the Mormon elder,) who, as you perhaps know, is just across the line from Port H———. The League is doing nobly in M——— I——— and Wis. He is cautious, but, in common with others, is gradually preparing the minds of the people for a great change. He expresses a fear that any attempt to draft men will produce a premature outbreak. I think his fear is well founded. A member of the league in Genesee, who passed through the woods on his way with despatches to Dr. F———, told that any attempt to draft our friends there would bring on an open rupture. I think our leaders should look to this, as no doubt they will.

I am happy to say Dr. F——— considers his mission accomplished, and departs for R——— by the 7th instant. Through us there is now an uninterrupted line of communication between the S——— and Europe. He leaves Captain L———, a sure friend, in his place, to receive correspondence, &c. Our obscurity is our greatest safeguard. The duties which devolve upon me could never be conducted in any place of note without attracting attention. I forwarded your request to G——— M———, and am instructed to furnish you with the cipher and its key. I will send the same to Pt. H———, thence to W———.

I have much which I wish to communicate, but will wait until an opportunity offers to send it by a safe hand. I am obliged to send this by mail.

May God prosper the cause. The S——— is doing gloriously. It wrings my very heart, however, to see our brave countrymen, N——— and S———, sacrificed to carry out the hellish plans of our tyrant. May our project prove a second Sicilian Vespers, attended with all its success, but I fervently pray without its bloodshed.

Dear sir, excuse this confused and hurried letter, and allow me to sign myself

Yours, in the cause, [Cabalistic Signs.]

P. S.—Captain H——— will give you instructions as to the disposition to be made of the C———s; the P———s are to be used as necessary requires.

R. M. C———, Esq.

Under date of "Fort Lafayette, Nov. 29," Mr. Guy S. Hopkins, of Michigan, the author of this letter, addressed a communication to Mr. Seward, assuring him that the whole affair was a *practical* joke, and played at the expense of the Detroit press, and offering to take an oath to that effect.

INCIDENTS OF PEA RIDGE.—One of the pieces of artillery sent to Springfield, Mo., for repair had a ball from the gun of the enemy strike it directly in the muzzle. The ball penetrated some six inches. Our gun was a rifled one, and of a smaller calibre than the ball unceremoniously thrust into it. This might be called a centre shot, and equal to Davy Crockett's best.

One of our boys was, in the heart of the fight, wounded in both feet by a cannon ball. Our forces having fallen back, his Irish wit was brought into play. Seeing a big secesh coming by, he presented his musket, made the fellow surrender, shoulder him, and, in this position, he rode into our lines, where he delivered Mr. Butternut over as a prisoner.

One of the Texas soldiers was advancing with his bayonet upon a lieutenant of the 9th Iowa, at Pea Ridge, whose sword has been broken. The officer saw his intention, avoided the thrust, *fell down* at his enemy's feet, caught hold of his legs, threw him heavily to the ground, and before he could rise, drew a long knife from his adversary's belt and buried it in his bosom. The Texan, with dying grasp, seized the lieutenant by the hair and sank down lifeless, bathing the brown leaves with his blood. So firm was the hold of the nerveless hand that it was necessary to cut the hair from the head of the officer, before he could be freed from the corpse of his foe.

Some of the reporters, in order to avoid the new order of Secretary Stanton, forbidding them to follow the army, have volunteered as Hospital Stewards.

NEWS ITEMS.

TWENTY-EIGHT bales of cotton have arrived from Tennessee at New York, being the first of a lot of 1,5 bales shipped from that section.

RUSSELL, the correspondent of the London Times, who had followed one of our army corps into the field, has been ordered back, and has arrived in Washington. He is going home in disgust.

FROM NEW MEXICO: have news that the Texan rebels were in possession of Santa Fe, and had organized rebel government. A regiment of Colorado troops had arrived at Fort Union, raising the number of men there to 1,400, and being its safety. Col. Canby was reported to have captured a train of 60 wagons and 400 xans. Another battle is evidently impeng.

IT IS said, on his authority, that no trouble need be feared on the Merrimac—as measures have been taken to insure her destruction if she vents out.

CHINESE SORGHUM—Information continually comes to the Agent Office, particularly from the West, the effect that molasses is made to good advantage from the Chinese Sorghum. It should be stated that all efforts in France make sugar from it have failed, and the pl, when fed to stock at any advanced stage its growth, is found to be dangerous.—*Correspondent of Press.*

RECRUITING STOPP—All officers engaged in the recruiting service have been ordered to their regimen and notice given to the Governors of states that no new enlistments nor new levies will be received until further orders from the War Department. The force now in the field is deemed amply sufficient for the suppsion of the rebellion and the speedy terminsn of the war.

LETTERS.—The PdOffice Department deems it advisable that all letters addressed to the officers and solds of the army of the Potomac, whether at Washington or moving South, should be mailed to Washington city. From thoffice they will be properly forwarded in parate packages to the respective corps and divisions, and their delivery facilitated.

FORT LOWNDS, on the Rappahannock, mounting twelve guns, represented as having been abandoned, a also that the river up to the town of Rappahannock, which is forty miles from its mot, is clear of armed rebels in any force. Visto over a hundred families disclosed a strc Union sentiment prevailing in Northumberland and Westmoreland counties of Vinia, and that this would be openly manifed could the people there be assured of Unit States protection.

WARRENTON JUNCTIC—Our pickets now run three miles beyond Warrenton Junction. The railroad and telegh are completed three miles beyond Manas, and in a few days more will reach thunction. No signs of any rebels are found at here, but their scouts come up to within eight or ten miles of Warrenton. The absurd of the story of two ladies having been fired off from near Difficult Creek by secession cavalry within a week, is evident from the fact that at that time our pickets were three miles beyond that point.

THE Navy Department Washington has a dispatch that the rebels have evacuated the line of the Rappahannoc

THE health of Mrs. Lincoln is now restored sufficient to enable her to attend to her duties.

A MODEL of Funby's olving iron fort is on exhibition at the Treury Department, and excites the interests members of Congress and other promid gentlemen connected with the Government.

EMBROIDERED muslins will probably be more fashionable than ever now, as the Queen has taken under her protection the hitherto waning embroy manufactures, and has given extensive orders for all sorts of ladies' apparel for helf and the princesses.

A REVOLUTION is also to take place in Paris in cravats, which is expected will result in dethroning the white choker" for full dress, and a substitution of rose or pink silk.

DESERTING FROM THE BRITISH ARMY.—The Kingston (C. W.) ws urges that a guard be placed on Wolfe Island, St. Lawrence river, to save the Irish soldiers, who are deserting to the United States in squads. Large numbers have desed this winter, and the utmost vigilance is exised to prevent whole regiments from king a stampede across the lines. Civilians employed, and large rewards offered by the city authorities to prevent desertion.

A SECRET chamber, a re of the Inquisition, has been accidentally discovered in Seville. The room contains four mummified bodies attached by a chain. One was a barefooted monk; the others were dressed in clothes of the style of the 17th century. It is supposed that the prisoners met their death by starvation.

MAYHEM BY A HORSE.—While Geo. Nutter, of Barnstead, N. H., was teasing a horse, the indignant animal bit loose off close to his face.

IN the Prussian army, ice rations are to be substituted for brandy.

SINCE the naval fight Hampton Roads some 1,500 different schs for sinking or otherwise disposing of the Merrimac have been offered to the Navy Department by Yankee inventors. One in offer to do the job by contract.

THE ladies of Roanoke Island, are very much troubled at the high price of *kaliker* and the scarcity of *muff*, but is to be hoped that some enterprising Yuee may soon relieve them by an importation of these indispensable necessaries. Of the two, snuff (probably for chewing) is the most desired and indispensable.

MODEST.—Just before death, General F. W. Lander was asked to furnish materials for a biography of him, to near in the forthcoming work, entitled "The Officers of the Union Army, their Lives and Portraits." The General, in replying to this request, said he did not know any ent of his life, that, in public opinion, wo be worth noting, and then added: "Republic services have been greatly overestimed, and if you could know the very poor opion I entertain of myself and others now enged with the holy mission of preserving a republic, you would never ask it."

THE new order abolishing recruiting stations in the different states I created quite a stir in military circles. The country has now in the field, so says competent authority, at least two hundred thousd more troops than there is any necessity for. There will be an effort made, it is believed, on the score of economy, to materially ruce the army. This order closes up one hund and seventy-five recruiting stations in Pennsylvania alone.

ELECTION IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—GRADUAL EMANCIPATION.—Wheeg, April 3.—The vote in this city, to-day, gives 646 majority for the new Constitution, and a majority of 588 in favor of gradual emancipation.

The interior counties, as far heard from, give the same ratio.

ONE of the most significant movements of the times is the passage of a lsio in the Kentucky Legislature against the K. G. C's." (the Knights of the Golden Circle), whose agency in maturing the rebellion is now notorious. The law now renders a criminal offence, punishable in the penitentiary from one to five years, on conviction of belonging to the infamous crew.

Late and Important from Corinth.

IMMENSE REBEL ARMY CONCENTRATING THERE—RECRUITS FROM VIRGINIA AND ARKANSAS.

The Cincinnati Times of the 2d contains the following:—

We yesterday had a call from an individual named Hiram Wilkinson, whose home is in Buffalo, New York, but who has been for nearly two years a resident of the South. He gave us a detailed account of his impressment into the secession army, and his subsequent escape on the 24th of last month from the rebel line at Corinth, which bears the mark of truth upon it, but which we omit, and he shows a pass signed by Stanley Matthews, Provost Marshal of Nashville.

He was attached to an independent company of cavalry—there are numerous independent companies of soldiers in the southern army, as all are desirous of commanding—and as Capt. Cheatham was a reckless and brave man, he was ordered on several reconnoissances, and Wilkinson had, therefore, excellent opportunities of learning the condition of affairs. He says that not a regiment arrives to reinforce the national army but it is known to the rebel officers, who are as well acquainted with the strength and disposition of our forces as our own commanders, so complete is their system of espionage, and so numerous the traitors high in position among us.

When our informant left, on the 24th ult., there were from 70,000 to 80,000 confederates, under Beauregard, along the new line of defence, and within twenty-five or thirty miles of Corinth; and reinforcements were pouring in from the east, west and south in large numbers. Arkansas will be completely drained of troops in a few weeks, and large numbers are coming from all parts of Virginia—even from the army between Richmond and Manassas—the Confederates having determined to abandon all the border states and make a stand in Cottonia proper. There are not, he says, 60,000 men in all Virginia, and it is the confident belief of the people of Mississippi and Alabama that Montgomery will again be the capital of the confederacy in less than 60 days.

The rolling stock of the East Tennessee Railroad is all impressed into the government service, to carry cannon, troops and ammunition from Virginia to the new fortifications in process of construction in Mississippi and western Tennessee.

The rebels are anything but confident of victory; indeed, in the ranks there exists a general despondency. The officers do all in their power to rally the men, but in vain. A bloody defeat at Corinth, and a sudden advance upon the comparatively unprotected state of Virginia, Mr. Wilkinson believes, would speedily overthrow the rebellion.

Great fears are entertained for New Orleans, as it is well known that it will be attacked soon. But there is a disposition to risk the fate of the city rather than that of the Corinth army, as the rebels are confident that the yellow fever will drive Butler's forces out in due time, while northern Mississippi is a very healthy region, and an excellent base for preparation during the heated term. The capture of the city, and the forts protecting it, will diminish the artillery of the Confederates so materially, however, that the further prosecution of the war must necessarily be trusted to the lighter arm of the service—cavalry and infantry—and they must depend almost solely upon brilliant charges, something for which the Confederates have not yet exhibited an enlarged capacity.

His account of the strength of Gen. Grant's army, *derived from rebel sources*, shows that our enemies know much more than we dare publish. How it was obtained is a mystery to all but a few of the rebel officers, and the spies themselves.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Senator Wilson's Bill has passed the Senate, and now goes to the House.

Mr. Doolittle, (Rep.), of Wisconsin, offered an amendment, appropriating $100,000 to aid in the voluntary emigration of the persons liberated by the bill, and other persons of color in the District, to Hayti, Liberia, or some other country. Agreed to—yeas 27, nays 10.

An important amendment moved by Mr. Clark, of N. H., had been previously adopted providing that no one who has aided the rebellion shall receive any of the compensation provided by this bill. Every claimant of compensation must make oath that he has not aided the rebellion, but his oath will not be conclusive.

The question was then taken on the passage of the bill, resulting in its favor by the following vote:—

YEAS.—Anthony (Rep.); Browning (Rep.); Chandler (Rep.); Clark (Rep.); Collamer (Rep.); Dixon (Rep.); Doolittle (Rep.); Fessenden (Rep.); Foot (Rep.); Foster (Rep.; Grimes (Rep.); Hale (Rep.); Harlan (Rep.); Harris (Rep.); Howard (Rep.); Howe (Rep.); King (Rep.); Lane (Rep.), Ind.; Lane (Rep.), Kan.; Morrill (Rep.); Pomeroy (Rep.); Sherman (Rep.); Sumner (Rep.); Ten Eyck (Rep.); Trumbull (Rep.); Wade (Rep.); Wilkinson (Rep.); Wilmot (Rep.); Wilson (Rep.) Mass.

NAYS.—Bayard (Dem.); Carlile (Union); Davis (U.); Henderson (U.); Kennedy (U.); Latham (Dem.); McDougal (Dem.); Nesmith (Dem.); Powell (Dem.); Saulsbury (Dem.); Starke (Dem.); Willey (U.); Wilson (U.), Mo.; Wright (U.)

The announcement of the result by the Chair called forth much applause from the galleries.

It is stated that the number of slaves in the District is from 1,500 to 2,000, and the number of free negroes 15,000.

FROM MEMPHIS—SIDNEY JOHNSTON DISGUSTED WITH THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS.—Louisville, April 3.—An intelligent man, who left Memphis a week ago, reports that Gen. Sidney A. Johnston had expressed the opinion that the United States troops could outflank them in any position that they (the rebels) might take, and, therefore, all their fortifications were useless; and that the only chance for them is an open fight in the field.

Our informant thinks that Corinth, Mississippi, is their chosen place. He further says that the rebels had about 50,000 troops on the line between Memphis and Huntsville, Alabama, which were being reinforced, and are supposed now to number from 60,000 to 65,000.

The rebels are preparing with tar and rosin to burn Memphis when compelled to evacuate. The most prominent citizens of Memphis say they would yield forthwith if assured of the safety of their property from confiscation by the United States Government.

ILLINOIS.—The new Constitution of Illinois, which is to be submitted to a vote of the people in June, contains the following provisions:—

Section 1. No negro or mulatto shall migrate or settle in this state after the adoption of this Constitution.

Section 2. No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage, or hold any office in this state.

Section 3. The General Assembly shall pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this article.

☞ Tupper's poetry is no great things, but his philosophy is *proverbial*.

Ex-President Pierce, Secretary Seward and the Hopkins Letter.

It appears, from an official correspondence, that towards the close of last year a letter, written by a Dr. Hopkins, came into the possession of the State Department. It was therein stated that an organization had been formed by which the members of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" were to rush into the army and service of the Federal Government, and thus gain influence and position for carrying out their treasonable schemes; and, further, that Ex-President Pierce was among the prominent members. When this letter was received, a note was sent to Ex-President Pierce, inclosing an extract from it, saying—"Your name is connected with a secret league, the object of which is to overthrow the Government.—Any information on the subject will be acceptable."

Ex-President Pierce, in reply, expressed his surprise that even a seeming credence should be given to the charge. He appealed to his general course as a complete refutation of the slander, and remarks that he never belonged to any secret league, society, or association, and further objects to the form of the note.

Secretary Seward, in reply, explains that the note was written by William Hunter, chief clerk of the Department, and explains the circumstances under which he signed it. He regrets that it gave offence, and offers an apology.

CAPTURED.

The following rebel forts and fortifications have been captured since the 1st of January:—

Fort Johnson, Va.	Bowling Green fortifications, Ky.
Fort Beauregard, Va.	Mill Spring fortifications, Ky.
Fort Evans, Va.	Roanoke Island Batteries.
Pig's Point Battery, Va.	Elizabeth City Batteries N. C.
Shipping Point Battery, Va.	Fortifications at St. Simons, Ga.
Cockpit Point Battery, Va.	Fortifications at Manassas, Va.
Fort Clinch, Fla.	Batteries at Acquia Creek, Va.
Fort Henry, Tenn.	
Fort Donelson, Tenn.	
Fort St. Mark, Fla.	
Fort Warren, Fla.	
Fort Macon, N. C.	
Columbus fortifications Ky.	

Besides a number of forts on the Neuse River.

The Federal reverses have been in New Mexico alone, where the Confederates have occupied three or four evacuated military points and towns.

LARGE STOCKS OF GRAIN.—There never was a time in the history of the grain trade when such large amounts of produce were stored, waiting the opening of navigation to more eastward. We find by reference to the proper authorities that there was in store at

Chicago, March 24, 1862,	3,060,000	bushels wheat.
Toledo, March 15,	238,561	do.
Buffalo, March 20,	708,208	do.
Milwaukee, March 21,	8,500,000	do.
Detroit, March 21,	402,300	do.

Of corn in store, the following is the estimate:—

Chicago,	2,350,784
Toledo,	323,175
Buffalo,	239,917
Detroit,	104,000

The Illinois Central Railroad has in store over 1,000,000 bushels. In the city of New York there are already stored 1,250,000 bushels of corn. Millions of bushels of wheat and corn are stored at different points on the lakes awaiting the opening of navigation, which would swell the above aggregate to an almost fabulous amount. Present indications are that the grain movement of 1862 will far exceed that of any previous year.

THE SENATE'S VOTE.—The following was the vote in the Senate on the President's proposition relative to offering aid to the slave states in case of abolition—yeas 32, nays 10—as follows:—

YEAS.—Anthony (Rep.); Browning (Rep.); Chandler (Rep.); Clark (Rep.); Collamer (Rep.); Davis (Union); Dixon (Rep.); Doolittle (Rep.); Fessenden (Rep.); Foot (Rep.); Foster (Rep.); Grimes (Rep.); Hale (Rep.); Harlan (Rep.); Henderson (U.); Howard (Rep.); Howe (Rep.); King (Rep.); Lane (Rep.), Ind.; Lane (Rep.), Kansas; Morrill (Rep.); Pomeroy (Rep.); Sherman (Rep.); Sumner (Rep.); Ten Eyck (Rep.); Thomson (Dem.); Trumbull (Rep.); Wade (Rep.); Wilkinson (Rep.); Wiley (U.); Wilmot (Rep.); Wilson (Rep.), Mass.

NAYS.—Bayard (Dem.); Carlisle (Union); Kennedy (Union); Latham (Dem.); Nesmith (Dem.); Powell (Dem.); Saulsbury (Dem.); Starke (Dem.); Wilson (Union), Mo.; Wright (Union).

The yeas were all Republicans, except Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, Henderson, of Missouri, and Wiley, of Virginia, Union, and Thomson, of N. J., Dem. Thus three border state Senators voted for, and six against the resolution. It is now a law.

GEN. PHELPS.—The following is an extract from a letter written at Ship Island, March 11th:—"Yesterday, I called upon Gen. Phelps, who at present commands upon the Island, and found him an odd but very agreeable man indeed. He is a very plain man in his dress and habits, and in speech very slow and precise, making an almost perceptible interval after each word. He is also one of the most regular of regulars in his opinions of the dress and bearing of soldiers, and a deadly foe to all innovation. It is said that when Col. French's regiment arrived, he stepped up to a squad of Capt. Kelty's Zouaves, whose peculiar dress attracted his attention, and asked, 'What-part-of-the show-do-you-belong-to?' 'Capt. Kelty's Zouaves, sir!' replied one. 'Oh! soldiers,' said the general, 'I thought you were circus riders;' and they bear the name of circus riders now throughout the camp."

ISLAND NO. 10.—An official report from Com. Foote to Secretary Welles, dated the 4th, says:—

This morning the Benton, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, with three mortar boats, opened and continued for more than an hour a fire on the rebels' heavy floating battery at Island No. 10, when the latter having received several shells from the rifled guns and mortars, cut loose from her moorings and drifted two or three miles down the river. The shells were also thrown from the flotilla into the different forts on the Island, and into the rebel batteries lining the Tennessee shore.

The return fire produced no effect on the squadron.

No more men than were actually necessary to man the batteries were visible.

A GERMAN BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—Two girls bring simultaneously actions for a breach of promise of marriage against a young man at Frankfort. The youth admits the justice of their claims. "How happy could he be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." He had promised to marry both, and was ready to keep his word to both, if the judges would stretch a point and permit polygamy for once. He expressed his readiness to marry either of the claimants which the judges should accord him, if they would not sanction his Mormonist proposition. The judges bestowed the richest of the two claimants upon him, but ordered her to pay three hundred florins out of her dowry to the unsuccessful fair one. An odd system of jurisprudence.

AN HONEST ARAB.—An Eastern traveller gives the following account of a brief, pointed, and we think rather unsatisfactory interview with an Arab of Jebel Hauran:

"What brought you to the springs when you saw us there?" I asked him.

"To strip you," he coolly replied.

"And why did you not do it?"

"Because Mahmud was with you."

"But why would you plunder us? We are strangers and not enemies."

"It is our custom."

"And do you strip all strangers?"

"Yes, all we can get hold of."

"And if they resist or are too strong for you?"

"In the former case we shoot them from behind trees; in the latter we run."

"How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or plant?"

"No, we are not slaves," said he, with much disdain.

"What do you do for a living?"

"We keep goats, hunt partridges and steal."

"Are you all thieves?"

"Yes, all."

A NEW SKALD-SONG.

Eric of old,
The viking bold,
Swept o'er the seas, all uncontrolled,
And we the Viking's fame have won,
And rule the seas—through Erie's son!

—*New York Sunday Times.*

☞ The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

☞ A young lady writes of the volunteers:

"We miss them all in many ways,
But, truth will ever out—
The greatest thing we miss them for
Is seeing us about."

☞ THE INFANT YANKEE.—A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe "that a Massachusetts baby, six months old, sits in his mother's lap, eyeing his own cradle, to see if he couldn't invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. JOY TO MISS D. BATES.

No more debates, (D. Bates.) Dissolved in Joy,
The bride has found a home;
With present bliss without alloy,
And other Joys to come.

☞ "Going to leave us, Mury?" "Yes, mum; I find I'm very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know." "No, mum; it's impossible. You can't alter your figger to suit my figger, no mor'n I can't appear on Sundays as I used to at my last place, where missus's clothes fitted me 'zactly. It's best we part."

☞ "Bob, is that dog a hunter?" "No, he's half hunter and half setter—he 'hunts' bones when he's hungry, and 'sets' by the fire when he's satisfied."

☞ The resistance at Island No. 10 only shows how hard it is in these times for a man to get a "ten spot."

☞ "Are you Mr. Bigg?" "Who? Bigg, that vulgar fellow? No, thank goodness, I'm Mr. Little." "Ah, I see; you are too little to be Bigg."

☞ Happy the man who is an early riser! Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called old, so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And, oh, youth, take my word for it—youth in a dressing gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkling upon blossoming hedgerows.

☞ The introduction of females upon the stage is of comparatively recent date, the female characters being performed by men. On one occasion Charles II. was exceeding wrath that the performances he had gone to witness did not begin. The manager, to excuse himself, pleaded—"Please, your majesty, the queen is not yet shaved."

☞ Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

☞ Buckner promised his friends in the South to make his way to Cincinnati. For once he is better than his word. He has gone farther North than he said he would.

☞ Flattery often makes people flatter than they are.

☞ The "Good Book" says that "a man shall *cleave* unto his wife." This accounts for a lover, before marriage, *axing* a girl to *halve* him.

☞ To make whiskey sling—Throw the whiskey around pretty freely.

☞ If I send away an organ-grinder by the present of a groat, why do I lose nothing? Because I have gained a four-penny peace.—*Punch's Pocket Book.*

☞ A Western editor lately called his devil to him, and told him he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree to take ninepence per week, or share equally the profits of the paper. The boy concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly chose the ninepence for his wages.

☞ Jenny Lind has hitherto fought shy of Paris, because she was afraid of sharp Gallic criticism, but it seems she is now about to venture a concert or two there.

☞ Dr. Kitchener, in his amusing work, in the chapter on dinners and dinner etiquette, gives excellent rules and valuable hints, and has a high idea of the mutual and rigid obligations of the hosts and guests, and winds up by saying, "When the invitations to a dinner party are given and accepted, the dinner is bound to come off. If any the guests should die, that is a reasonable excuse for their non-attendance; but if the host should die, the executor is bound to give the dinner."

☞ What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock? but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key?

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. BANKS'S ARMY.

IMPORTANT FROM COL. GEARY'S COMMAND.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

RECONNOISSANCE TOWARD YORKTOWN.

Rebels Order Gen. Burnside to leave Newbern.

THE REBEL ARMY AT CORINTH, OUTFLANKED.

From General Banks's Army.

EDENBURG, VA., April 5.—Yesterday afternoon the enemy unmasked a section of a battery three quarters of a mile from the battery on the right wing of our forces, which was under the command of Capt. Huntingdon, and situated a mile to the west of this town. The rebels' object was to drive in our pickets beyond Stony Creek, which divides this town, as well as to retard the operations of the bridge builders. Capt. Huntingdon shelled the rebels from thier position in very short order. During the day the enemy concealed his forces in the ravines, but his videttes were in sight, and were very active during the fight. One of them was killed at a distance of six hundred yards by a sharp-shooter of the Wisconsin Third Regiment.

Important from Col. Geary's Command.

THOROFARE GAP, VA., April 2, 1862, via. Baltimore, April 6.—A rebel force of seven regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and three batteries, were thrown across the Rappahannock to cut off Col. Geary's command at White Plains. By a forced march they reached Salem, within five miles of the Union band, last evening with the intention of attacking Col. Geary's command in two columns, cutting off his retreat, and then seizing this formidable Gap to intercept the progress of reconstructing the Manassas Gap Railroad. The attack was to be made at daybreak this morning. Their movements were made secretly, with the intention of making a dash and cutting the Union command to pieces.

Col. Geary became apprised of their presence and moved his whole command off quietly during the night, and battled with the mountain roads, wading streams and rivers of mud for five miles, and by daylight occupied this Gap, where he prepared for a resolute and determined stand in the mountain defiles. The movement was a most important one, frustrating a design to accomplish a victory by the destruction of a much dreaded command, to revive the drooping feelings of the rebels in Virginia. The calls were beaten in the evening, and the camp fires left burning as usual, after the command marched.

The chagrin of the frustrated rebel forces can be better imagined than described, in finding themselves out manœuvred. Although in such superior force, they had not the temerity to follow and attempt an entrance into the rugged defiles here. It is supposed they returned at once to their original position, south of the Rappahannock.

One of the Union scouts was killed, and three of the rebels were taken prisoners.

Dispatches from General Wool.

WASHINGTON, April 5—11 o'clock, P. M.—The following message was received at the War Department this evening:—

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War—We have heard some firing in the direction of Yorktown. Two or three regiments have gone to Shipping Point.

From information received to-day, it appears that the Merrimac is in the dry dock, loaded with coal. She is to come out of the dock to-day, with two more guns, one of large calibre.

All Goes On Very Smoothly.

I do not believe the army of the Potomac will find many troops to contend with.

(Signed) J. E. WOOL,
Major-General.

The cannonading first heard was caused by our troops shelling the woods as they advanced.

Reconnoissance toward Yorktown.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—We are authorized by the War Department to state that dispatches from Fortress Monroe, dated 3 o'clock this (Sunday) afternoon, have been received by the Department.

A reconnoissance had been made towards Yorktown. The headquarters of our army are about five miles from Yorktown.

There had been some cannonading, but apparently without any injury on either side.

No engagement had, up to that time, taken place.

The Rebels Order General Burnside to Leave Newbern.

A report was current that General Burnside had been ordered to evacuate Newbern within six days, and that he had returned a reply that he would meet the rebel commander at Goldsboro and at Raleigh.

There is little change in the state of affairs at Beaufort. Fort Macon still holds out, and is to be besieged. Extensive preparations are going on, and operations will be commenced in a few days. A few shells have been already thrown into the fort.

The Rebel Army at Corinth Outflanked.

NEW YORK, April 6.—The New York World in an extra, says that private information, derived from a reliable source, has reached here that Beauregard has been outflanked in the position his rebel army occupied near Corinth, Miss., and was compelled to fall back; and also that a heavy body of U. S troops had got in between the enemy and the city of Memphis, not far from the Mississippi, thus cutting off communication and retreat.

Miscellaneous.

CAIRO, April 4.—A messenger who arrived from New Madrid this evening, reports that the rebels erected a battery last night opposite Point Pleasant, and this morning opened fiercely on our works. After firing some time, the battery was silenced by our guns, and a warehouse on the Kentucky shore was fired by our shells, and its contents consumed by the flames. No casualties are reported on our side. The loss of the rebels is not known.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—A dispatch to the Secretary of War, dated New Madrid, April 5, says that Capt. Waugh, with the gun boat Carondelet, ran the gauntlet at Island No. 10 last night, and is now available to Gen. Pope. She was fired upon from the Memphis batteries, but not struck once.

MORTAR, April 4.—The Advertiser has a special message from Memphis, stating that Gen. Buell had reached Savannah, on the Tennessee River, from Columbia. There had been a brisk skirmish, and there was great activity on both sides preparatory to the great struggle.

On Wednesday, a Yankee force, 2 000 strong, landed at Biloxi from 4 gun vessels, and cut the Telegraph between Nashville and New Orleans.

☞ There is no despotism like the despotism of goodness which hath no charity.

GOD KNOWS WHY.

Pilgrim—o'er earth's desert toiling,—
Faint thy step and dim thine eye,—
Wearied with life's many crosses,
Be not hopeless! *God knows why!*
Time brings sorrow to oppress thee,
Sorrow laden with a sigh,—
Yet ere long His smile will bless thee;
Trust! Oh, trust Him! *He knows why!*

Mourner—by you coffin standing,
Where thy loved in death doth lie,—
Weep a season, then remember
God, thy Father, *knoweth why!*
Ay! He knows why death's dark angel,
Here and there abroad doth fly,—
Wringing hearts in bitterest anguish,—
Though afflicted, *God knows why!*

Maiden—friends may treach'rous prove thee,
In misfortune pass thee by;
Weaving snares along life's pathway,
Yet be patient—*God knows why!*
Time will bring thee many changes—
Thorns beneath life's rose leaves lie,
All's not true that's beauty seeming,
Yet thy Saviour knoweth *why!*

Patriot—o'er our land so cherished,
War's dread missiles swiftly fly—
Clouds of darkest, deepest blackness,
Gather o'er us—*God knows why!*
In this hour of our affliction
He will hear the fervent cry,
And command His benediction
On His chosen:—*He knows why!*

Father! Great, all-gracious Father!
Low before Thy throne we lie;
Hear our fervent supplication,—
Guide, oh, guide us from on high!
Send sweet peace o'er all our country,—
Bind us by one sacred tie,
Life and Liberty to cherish
Evermore—*Thou knowest why!*

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WRETCHED STATE OF THINGS.

On the Monday following, Austin Clay proceeded in the evening to Mr. Hunter's house. Mr. Hunter was suffering from illness, and had not been to the yard that day. Florence was alone when he entered, evidently in distress, though she strove, to hide it from him, to turn it off with gay, light words. But he noted the signs too well.

"What is your grief, Florence?" he asked, bending over her and speaking in the sweetest tone of sympathy.

It caused her tears to burst forth afresh. Austin, exercising no control over his feelings, and possibly not caring to exercise it, drew her to him and kissed the tears away.

"Let me share it, my dearest."

"It is nothing more than usual. Oh, Austin, I try to bear up bravely, and I do bear up; but, indeed, this is an unhappy house. Mamma is sinking fast; I am sure she is; I see it daily. While papa—"

Sobs impeded her utterance. Austin turned away; he did not like that she should enter with him upon any subject connected with Mr. Hunter. Florence looked at him.

"Austin, *what* is it that is overshadowing papa?" she breathed, in a tone of dread. "I am sure that some misfortune overhangs the house."

"I wish I could take you out of it!" was the impulsive and not very relevant answer.

"*I* can bear it, whatever it may be; but my heart aches for him. See how ill he is! and yet he has no ailment of body, only of mind. Night after night he paces his room, never sleeping."

"Florence, how do you know that?" Austin gravely inquired.

"Because I listen to it."

"You should not do so. Whatever may be the nature of—of Mr. Hunter's illness, it is not well for you to seek to fathom it."

"I cannot *help* listening to him. How is it possible? His room is near mine, and when his footsteps are sounding in it, in the midnight silence, hour after hour, my ears grow sensitively quick. I say that, loving him, I cannot help it. Sometimes I think that if I only knew the cause, the nature of his sorrow, I might soothe it—perhaps help to remove it. Austin, will you not tell it me?"

"Florence, you can have no grounds for assuming that I am cognisant of it."

"I feel very sure that you are. Can you suppose that I should otherwise speak of it to you?"

"I say that you can have no grounds for the supposition. By what do you so judge?"

"By signs," she answered. "I can read it in your countenance. I was pretty sure of it before that day when you sent me hastily into your rooms, lest I should hear what the man Gwinn was about to say; but I have been fully sure since. What he would have said related to it; and, in some way, the man, I feel sure, is connected with the ill. Besides, you have been on confidential terms with papa for years."

"On business matters only; not on private ones. My dearest, I must request you to let this subject cease, now and always. I know nothing of its nature from your father; and if my own thoughts have in any way strayed towards it, it is not fitting that I should give utterance to them."

"Tell me one thing: could I be of any service, in any way?"

"Hush, Florence," he uttered, as if the words had struck upon some painful chord. "The only service you can render is, by taking no notice of it, even to yourself. In time—"

"Is it you, Austin? I heard voices here, and wondered who had come in."

"How are you, dear Mrs. Hunter?" he said, advancing to her as she entered. "Better this evening?"

"Not better," was Mrs. Hunter's answer, as she retained Austin's hand, and drew him on the sofa beside her. "There will be no 'better' for me in this world. Austin, I wish I could have gone from it under happier circumstances. Florence, I hear your papa calling to you."

"If you are not happy in the prospect of the future, who can be?" murmured Austin, as Florence left the room.

"I spoke not of myself. I am going to my merciful Saviour; and for those who can feel that assurance within them, there is indeed happiness. My concern is for Mr. Hunter. Austin, I would give every minute of my remaining days to know what terrible grief it is that has been so long upon him."

Austin was silent. Had Mrs. Hunter and Florence entered into a compact to annoy him, he wondered?

"It has been like a dark shade upon our house for years. Florence and I have kept silence upon it, to him and to each other; to him we dared not speak, to each other we would not. Latterly it has seemed so much worse, that I was forced to whisper of it to her; I could not keep it in; the silence was killing me. We both agree that you are in his confidence, and—"

"I am not indeed, Mrs. Hunter," he broke forth, glad to be able to say it. "That I have observed the signs you speak of in Mr. Hunter, his embarrassment, his grief—"

"Say his fear, Austin."

"His fear. That I have noticed this, it would be futile to deny. But, Mrs. Hunter, I assure you he has never given me his confidence upon the subject. Quite the contrary; he has particularly shunned it with me."

"I was mistaken, then," she said with a sigh. "Austin, how is business going on? how will it go on?"

Very grave turned Austin's face now. This was an open evil—one to be openly met and grappled with; and what his countenance gained in seriousness it lost in annoyance.

"I really do not see how it will go on," was his reply, "unless we can get to work soon. I want to speak to Mr. Hunter. Can I see him?"

"He will be in directly. He has not been down to-day yet. But I suppose you will wish to see him in private; I know he and you like to be alone when you talk upon business matters."

At present it was expedient that Mrs. Hunter, at any rate, should not be present, if she was to be spared annoyance, for Mr. Hunter's affairs were growing ominous. This was chiefly owing to the stoppage, through the strike, of works in process, and partly to the effect of a diminished capital. Austin as yet did not know all the apprehension, for Mr. Hunter contrived to keep some of it from him. That the diminishing of the capital was owing to Gwinn, of Ketterford, Austin did know; at least, his surmises amounted to certainty. When a hundred pounds, or perhaps two hundred pounds, mysteriously went out, and Austin was not made acquainted where, he drew his own conclusions.

"Are the men not learning the error of their course yet?" Mrs. Hunter resumed.

"They seem further off learning it than ever," answered Austin. One of them, indeed, came back to-day: Baxendale."

"I felt sure he would be among the first to do so. He is a sensible man, a reflecting man: how he came to hold out at all, is to me a matter of surprise."

"He told me this morning, when he came and asked to be taken on again, that he wished he never had held out," said Austin.—"Mary is none the better for it."

"Mary was here to-day," remarked Mrs. Hunter. "She came to say that she was better, and could do some work if I had any. I fear it is a deceitful improvement. She is terribly thin and wan. No: this state of things must have been bad for her. She looks as if she were half famished."

"She only looks what she is," said Austin.

"Oh, Austin! I should have been so thankful to help her to strengthening food during this scarcity," Mrs. Hunter exclaimed, the tears in her eyes. "But I have not dared. You know what Mr. Hunter's opinion is—that the men have brought it upon themselves, and that, to help their families, only in the least degree, would be encouraging them to hold out, and would tend to prolong the contest. He positively forbade me helping any of them: and I could only obey. I have kept indoors as much as possible, that I might avoid the sight of the distress which I must not relieve. But I ordered Mary a good meal here this morning: Mr. Hunter did not object to that. Here he is."

Mr. Hunter entered, leaning upon Florence. He looked like an old man, rather than one of middle age.

"Baxendale is back, sir," Austin observed, after a few words had passed.

"Come to his senses at last, has he?" cried Mr. Hunter. "Has he signed the declaration?"

"Of course he has. The men have to do that, you know, sir, before they get any work. He says he wishes he had come back at first."

"So do a good many others, in their hearts," answered Mr. Hunter, significantly; "but they can't pluck up the courage to acknowledge it."

"The men are most bitter against him—urged on, no doubt, by the Union. They—"

"Against Baxendale?"

"Against Baxendale. He came to speak to me before breakfast. I gave him the declaration to read and sign, and sent him to work at once. In the course of the morning it had got wind: though Baxendale told me he had given Sam Shuck notice of his intention on Saturday night. At dinner time, when Baxendale was quitting the yard, there were—I should say a couple of hundred men assembled there—"

"The Daffodil Delight people?" interrupted Mr. Hunter.

"Yes. Our late men chiefly—and a sprinkling of Mr. Henry's. They were waiting there for Baxendale, and the moment he appeared, the yells, the hisses, the groans were dreadful. I suspected what it was, and rushed out; and, but for my doing so, I believe they would have set upon him."

"Mark you, Clay! I will protect my workmen to the very limit of the law. Let the malcontents lay but a finger upon any of them, and they shall assuredly be punished to the uttermost," reiterated Mr. Hunter, bringing down his hand forcibly. "What did you do?"

"I spoke to them just as you have now spoken," said Austin. "Their threatenings to the man were terrible. I dared them to lay a finger upon him; I assured them that the language they were using was punishable. Had the police been in the way—but the more you want them, the less they are to be seen—I should have handed a few into custody."

"Who were the ringleaders?"

"I can scarcely tell. Ryan, the Irishman, was busy, and so was Jim Dunn; Cheek, also, backed by his wife."

"Oh, you had women also!"

"In plenty," smiled Austin. "One of them—I think it was Cooper's wife—roared out a challenge to fight *Mrs.* Baxendale, if her husband, Cooper, as she expressed it, was too much of a woman to fight *him*. There will be bloodshed, I fear, sir, before the thing is over."

"If there is, let them who cause it look to themselves," said Mr. Hunter. "How did it end?"

"I cleared a passage for Baxendale, and they yelled and hooted him home. 'I suppose they'd like to take my life, sir,' he said to me; 'but I think I am only doing right in returning to work. I could not let my family and Mary quite starve.' This afternoon all was quiet: Quale said he heard the men were holding a meeting."

Florence was sitting with her hands clasped, her color rising.

"If they—set upon Baxendale, and—and kill him!" she breathed.

"Then the law would see what it could do towards getting some of them killed for it in return," sternly spoke Mr. Hunter.

"Oh, James!" uttered his wife, her pale cheeks flushing, as the words grated on her ears. "Could nothing be done to prevent it? Prevention is better than cure, Austin. Will you not give notice to the police, and tell them to be on the alert?"

"I have done it," he answered.

"Papa," said Florence, "have you heard that Robert Darby's children are ill?—likely to die? They are suffering dreadfully from want. Mary Baxendale said so, when she was here this morning."

"I know nothing about Robert Darby or his children," was the stern reply of Mr. Hunter. "If a man sees his children starving before him, and will not work to feed them, he deserves to lose them. Florence, I see what you mean—you would like to ask me to permit you to send them relief. *I will not.*"

Do not deem Mr. Hunter an inhumane man. He was far from that. Had the men been out of work through misfortune, he would have been the first to forward them succor; many and many a time had he done it in the case of sickness. He and the other masters judged that to help the men or their families in any way, would but to tend to prolong the dispute: and there was certainly reason in their argument—if the men wished to feed their children, why did they not work for them?"

"Sir," whispered Austin, when he was going, and Mr. Hunter went with him into the hall, "that bill of Lamb's came back to us to-day, noted."

"No!"

"It did, indeed, sir. I had to take it up."

Mr. Hunter lifted his hands.

"This wretched state of things! It will bring on ruin, it will bring on ruin. I heard one of the masters curse the men the other day in his perplexity and anger: there are times when I am tempted to follow his example. Ruin! for my wife and for Florence!"

"Mr. Hunter," exclaimed Austin, greatly agitated, and speaking in the moment's impulse, "why will you not let me hope for her? I will make her a happy home—"

"Be silent!" sternly interrupted Mr. Hunter. "I have told you that Florence can never be yours. If you cannot put away this unthankful subject, at once and for ever, I must forbid you the house."

"Good-night, sir," returned Austin. And he went away, sighing heavily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[TO THE READERS OF THE POST.—We regret that we are not able to print more of this story weekly—but, as we publish it from advanced sheets sent to us from England, we are able only to give as much as is published weekly by the London periodical in which it is also appearing.—*Editor of Sat. Eve. Post.*]

LAWYERS.—Many persons suppose that lawyers thrive upon the misfortunes of business men in general. But gentlemen of the bar well know how completely unfounded is this impression. Their prosperity is intimately identified with that of the other classes of society, for the increase of proceedings of a vindictive nature but poorly compensates for the great falling off in negotiations and transfers in contests carried on in good faith between responsible parties seeking to test doubtful questions, and in the collectable proportion of judgments. It is well that it is so, for it would be a serious misfortune to any community to have in its midst a numerous educated and influential class with an interest adverse to that of the rest of society.

☞ The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever."

SONGS FOR THE MILLION.

If we cannot have a National Hymn, we are at least in no danger of suffering from a lack of patriotic songs. The National Muse has aroused herself to meet the exigencies of the times. The war against rebellion has given birth to a flood of patriotic verse. In one of "Beadle's Dime Union Song Books" we find a curious collection of these war songs, ranging from Mrs. Howe's "*Battle Hymn of the Republic*" to the "*Whack Row-de-dow*" song published by us some time since. Many of these songs are parodies, and have little original merit. Some are war-like, some sentimental, some humorous or satirical in tone, and all sufficiently patriotic.

As specimens of the songs of the people, we propose to make a few selections. "The Last Man in Beaufort" is thus set to music in the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer:"

'Twas the last man in Beaufort
Left drunk and alone,
All his martial companions
Were vanquished and gone:
No flower of chivalry,
No F. F. was near,
To assist this poor fellow
To cut stick and clear!

An amusing imitation of "The cup of cold pizen," begins thus:

My love he is a soldier boy so gallant and bold,
He's as tall as a flag-staff—scarcely nineteen years old;
For to fight them bad rebels he has left his own dear,
And my heart is a busting because he is not here.
CHORUS—For his spirit was tre-men-dous,
And fierce to behold,
In a young man bred a carpenter,
Only nineteen years old.

"Penitentiary Mason" is thus shown up, to the tune of "A Fine Old English Gentleman:"

I wonder if you'd like to hear a song I made of late,
About a poor old Mason, of the old Virginia State,
Who held his head so very high, that he addled his old pate,
And got his upper story cracked by dreadful stroke of fate,
Like a poor old foolish Mason of the old Virginia State.

This Mason he was dreadful proud, and did not like to mix
His mortar with our Yankee lime, for fear of Yankee tricks;
And so to keep himself select, he soon went into fix
A sort of bogus White House up, all made of Southern bricks,
Like a poor old foolish Mason, of the old Virginia State.

In the "Song of Floyd in Fort Donelson" that runaway rebel is represented as thus addressing himself to his friend Pillow:

Says I: "My brave confederate,
I quite agree with you!
I only wish we Generals
Could see our way clear through!
But stop! a plan occurs to me:
This night let's *steal away*,
And leave our comrades in the lurch,
Before the break of day!"

CHORUS—Oh, Secesh!
Don't you cry for me;
I'll come to "Ole Virginny,"
With my plunder on my knee.

I knew, Secesh, I'd lied so much,
And stole so much for you,
That if they took me prisoner,
They'd shoot me through and through.
"Give me your hand," says Gideon J.,
"I never was so glad!"
So after dark we stole away,
With all the spoils we had. (CHORUS.)

In "Secesia Land" we are thus informed of the whereabouts of two noted rebels:

Where now is slick old Slidell?
Where now is slick old Slidell?
Where now is slick old Slidell?
Safe in the showman's den.
He got dragged by the British Lion,
He got dragged by the British Lion,
He got dragged by the British Lion,
Safe to the showman's den.

Where now is the king Jeff. Davis?
Where now is the king Jeff. Davis?
Where now is the king Jeff. Davis?
Safe on a red-hot throne.
Wriggling, turning, twisting, burning,
Wriggling, turning, twisting, burning,
Wriggling, turning, twisting, burning,
Safe on his red-hot throne.

A hit at the British Lion, entitled "Cock-a-Doodle," we must copy entire:

Oh, there's a noble hanimal—
'E's called the British Lion—
'E can't abide the smallest sin,
'E gets 'is 'oly beye on.
'E's very peaceable and tame,
'E 'as no taste for quarrels;
The honly thing as stirs 'im hup
His other people's morals.

CHORUS—Cock-a-doodle-doodle-do!
Cock-a-doodle, Hingland!
Cock-a-doodle doodle-do—
Doodle-doodle—*Hingland!*

To see a neighbor going wrong
Does set 'im so to raging,
That hiron wires and rods of steel
Ain't strong enough for caging.
The honly thing to tie 'im hup,
When hiron and steel prove rotten,
Hand make 'im gentle as a lamb,
His a—little twist of cotton!

CHORUS—Cock-a-doodle doodle-do! &c.
—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ A GOOD NATURED BACHELOR.—There is a good natured bachelor, so generous that, poor fellow! he would even give his heart away, if he could only find *an interesting object to take it.* What a pity!

☞ THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.—The footlights of the new opera house in Paris are so constructed, that a pocket-handkerchief thrown upon them, with the gas in full blaze, cannot be ignited.

GLIMPSE INSIDE THE CARS.

BY VIRINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a wet, gusty November morning, with clouds of a dull, bluish-gray folded heavily over the sky, and the earth wearing that sombre-dismal aspect, which told as plainly as words could have done that her glory had darted, that the old age of another year had fallen upon her, and that nothing remained to her now but a struggling through wind and storms into December, and then a *shud.*

An old woman and a young girl entered the cars who were plunging on to New York. They were neatly but very plainly dressed, and looked about them with that half-shy, hallurious manner which indicated at once that they were not accustomed to travel; moreover, there was a slightly foreign air about them, and if you are a student of nation physiognomy, you would at once have so settled it in your mind that they were Irish people.

The old woman was very pale and delicate, evident in ill-health, and there was something touching in the silvery braids of hair that were combed so smoothly over her wrinkled forehead, and in the mild, faded, half-sorrowful eyes, that told you at once her passage through life had not been a smooth one.

But the younger woman, or girl—oh! it would have me your heart good to look on her! There was such a rich, healthful bloom on her cheek, there was so much hope and brightness in her blue eyes, so much innocence and sweetness in the quiet smile which her lips fell to so naturally, that, gazing on her, a *good* art could hardly help praying that the young English girl might find a very happy life in the new land to which she had come.

A few sentences must tell the history of these people. The young girl was betrothed to the old man's only son. He had been in America more than a year, and as soon as the industrious young carpenter had earned money sufficient to see his way clear to providing them humble but comfortable home, he had written over the seas:

"*Mothered Mary:*—Sell off all the old furniture, and come straight to me."

And they had come—those two tender, loving, trusting women, the old and the young, for Mary was an orphan, and there were no strong ties to bind her to the fatherland.

The steamer had reached Boston three days before. They had written to Charles, informing him of their arrival, and expecting that he would meet them. But he did not; and so, fearing the letter had been delayed, they started for New York.

The carvers were not filled this morning, for the travelling season was over. The young girl took a paper which some passenger had thrown down on the seat before her.

She ran her eyes half carelessly over the columns, suddenly they paused a moment, a dark cloud seemed to creep into their brightness, her face settled down into a white, deathly stillness, a cry, not loud or sharp, but deep, and so very deep, with a broken heart's agony, wavered over her lips, and she sank back not unconscious, but stunned, paralyzed with the awful darkness those three newspaper lines had brought down upon her soul.

"What is it? what is it, Mary?" eagerly cried out the old woman, as the girl turned her dumb stony face towards her. She did not speak, she only pointed to the paper. The old woman grasped it eagerly with her shaking hand. In a moment she too had read the lines which told how a young carpenter, Charles Lewis, had fallen accidentally from the roof of a high building in New York, and was taken *dead! dead! dead!*

It is a mercy that the mind cannot at once grasp a sudden evil, that great shocks are usually bewildering. In this case it was so. The mother did not shriek or faint; but with a low, stirring "God help us!" she sank back, and the cars plunged on, with those two white stone faces.

Only one either spoke. A gleam of hope shot up suddenly into the mother's eyes; she seized hold of Mary's hand, and whispered, "Perhaps it was somebody else, Mary." And Mary looked up a moment, as the drowning look up when eager hands are reached out to their rescue; then the blank despair darkened her face again, her head dropped, but it may be that for those long two hours this thought warmed my down in her heart, as it did in the mother's, and kept them both from breaking.

At last the train glided into the depot; the passengers bustled about for their travelling bags and bundles, but the two sat there, still and motionless, as though death had suddenly struck them.

A moment later a young man sprang hastily into the cars, and gazed, with an intense, breathless sort of eagerness on his fine, honest face, up and down the cars.

Then bounded forward, with his whole heart in his face. "Mother! Mary!" He could not have said another word just then.—But the two! those two! If you could have seen them! "My boy! my boy! are you really alive?" ejaculated the old woman, clinging to him with her shaking hands, while Mary, forgetting all her maiden shyness in her woman's loving, murmured up, amid a happiest sobs and the sweetest tears,—Oh, Charlie! I thought you were dead—did!"

"No I'm alive and kicking, you better believe" responded the hearty tones of the young carpenter; "and oh! so glad to see you! the letter was miscarried, and I didn't get it until last night, and as you said you should start the third day, if I didn't come on, I thought maybe I'd find you here with the morning train. I've got just the nicest kind of a home for you, four of the snuggest little rooms, and a new silk dress for Mary, which I'll engage she'll wear to the parson's next saturday." And there was a significant laugh in his eyes that set Mary's pretty face all aglow.

"But come! we won't stay here any longer. I've a whole year's talking on hand for you. Mary, you've certainly grown handsomer than ever. I'll get a carriage directly." And proudly, very proudly, he offered them each an arm, and escorted his mother and his betrothed from the cars.

"Well, I must say it did me good to see him," said a gentleman passenger who had witnessed this scene; "but I couldn't help thinking, with a pang of pity, after all, somebody's poor 'Charlie Davis' is dead."

A SONG.

BY PINKNEY.

I need not name thy thrilling name,
Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
Since all sounds shape that magic word,
That fall upon my ear,—Mary;
And silence, with a wakeful voice,
Speaks it in accents loudly free,
As darkness hath a light that shows
Thy gentle face to me,—Mary.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
With scarce one hope, and many fears,
Mixed, were I of a melting mood,
With many bitter tears,—Mary—
I pledge thee, and the empty cup
Emblems this hollow life of mine,
To which, a gone enchantment, thou
No more will be the wine,—Mary.

A BIRTH IN THE FAMILY.

It is strange how, while one soul is passing out of this world, another enters, all unconscious of the strange scenes of confusion which it is to witness, of the hand-to-hand struggle in which it is to be engaged. For some time, various small preparations and signs have given token of an expected event; a pair of bright, dark eyes have grown soft and thoughtful, crochet and brilliant colored double zephyr have been thrown aside for tiny stripes of cambric, fine soft flannel and white silk floss, the last of which the delicate hands weave into charming imitations of leaves and flowers. Very recently a small dainty bed, enveloped in the fleecy folds of a transparent canopy, which only half conceals marvellous frills and a perfectly miraculous quilt, (the work of Aunt Deborah, who once took a prize at the state fair, for the handsomest coverlet on exhibition,) has taken its place, timidly, at the foot of the imposing mahogany, evidently awaiting for an occupant. This very morning it has found one, a tiny, rosy morsel, so done up in soft warm wrappings, that no one can but just get a glimpse of a little red nose, and the twinkle of something like eyes. Everybody says, however, that it is a "beautiful baby," and the delighted papa astonishes a small boy who has rung the front-door bell for cold victuals, by giving him a quarter, instead of a cuff, as usual.

The dark eyes which but lately flashed so mischievously are now closed wearily, curtained by long lashes, which lay still on the white cheek. Friends have congratulated; the proud father is full of tenderness and devotion; cherished hopes are realized. Yet at intervals a large tear forces its way down through the tightened eyelids, showing that one heart at least can hardly yet recognize its joy. Who shall fathom the depth of a young mother's thoughts as she holds for the first time, the child she has borne to her breast? Who shall tell the profound emotion with which she dimly sees in her anticipated toy, the plaything, a human soul, a future man, whose strong will and fiery nature it is hers to mould for good or ill? Now, for the first time, she feels that she has become a woman; that with a woman's crown she has received the woman's cross, which she is henceforth to bear with enduring love and faith unto the end. Now prays she with the fervor of her youthful heart, though it may be perchance for the first time, for with the birth of her child a new element has entered her heart, a new spirit has been born unto God.—JENNIE JUNE, *in N. Y. Sunday Times.*

PRESENCE OF MIND JUST BEFORE BEING MURDERED.—A party of Irish Whiteboys entered a house in which were a man, his wife, and their daughter, a little girl. The three were altogether in one room. The ruffians rushed into the room, dragged the man out of the house, and there proceeded to murder him. In the room where the woman and the girl remained, there was a closet with a hole in its door, through which a person placed inside could see into the room. The woman concealed the little girl in the closet, and said to her, "Now, child, they are murdering your father down stairs, and when they have murdered him they will come up here and murder me. Take care that while they are doing it you look well at them, and mind you swear to them when you see them in the court. I will throw turf on the fire the last thing, to give you light, and struggle hard, that you may have time to take a good view." The little girl looked in through the hole in the closet door while her mother was being murdered: she marked the murderers well. She swore to them when she saw them in the court of justice, and they were convicted on her evidence.—*Irish History and Character.*

OLD MODE OF OPERATING ON THE EYE IN HOLLAND.—Actually not thirty years ago operations were performed there in a most extraordinary manner. The individual whose eye was to be operated on for cataract, or anything else, was hung up by the neck till the eyes were just starting out of their sockets; when in this prominent position, the eye was operated on, and the patient was then released from the noose. This *modus operandi* is no fabrication; we were told of it by a Dutch lady whose uncle had gone through the process, and who, having fortunately escaped strangulation, had survived it.

HERMANN BROWN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Did I "know Hermann Brown?" It was a blow
That stunned, yet stung me; and I bended low,
And tried to dry the tears that silently would flow.

"Know Hermann Brown?" Ah! yes, I knew too well
The lofty brow, the voice, that like a bell
Rung the soft accents from his lips that fell.

I met him first when other days than these,
That leave my withered heart to numb and freeze,
Or to grow hard and callous, as I please,

Were mine,—when Fortune smiled, and blessed
The head which he so lovingly caressed,
And vowed of all the world he loved the best.

Liar! But I believed and trusted then;
I had not learned to doubt the vows of men,
As I do now, and will, unto the end.

How could I doubt? We seemed as all in all,
He sought me always, at soiree and ball,
Was servant to my glance, obeyed no thrall

But mine alone,—was always at my side.
So, when he plead and sued, I blindly tied
My will to his, and drifted down the tide.

The tide wrecked me. Sure I was not the first
That stranded there, nor yet perhaps the worst,
But if 'twere both, I've been sufficiently accursed.

False Fortune fled, she gave me but a frown
Instead of smiles, the world sneered "kick her down,"
And worst of all was this same Hermann Brown.

Yes, he who seemed so noble and so true
That not a thought was hidden from my view,
When others mocked and spurned me, left me too.

At first I thought I knew him, only thought.
Alas! I know him now; I dearly bought
More knowledge of the world than e'er I sought.

So, when I press these useless chokings down,
I'll rise above the wave, I will not drown,
But tell them all I do know Hermann Brown.

H. M. J.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

BAD NEWS.

The ground near the cathedral, occupied by the deanery and the prebendal residences was called the "Boundaries." There were a few other houses in it, mostly of a moderate size, inhabited by private families. Across the open gravel promenade, in front of the south cloister entrance, was the house appropriated to the head master; and the Channings lived in a smaller one, nearly on the confines of the Boundaries. A portico led into it, and there was a sitting-room on either side the hall. Charley entered; and was going, full dash, across the hall to a small room where the boys studied, singing at the top of his voice, when the old servant of the family, Judith, an antiquated body, in a snow-white mob-cap and check apron, met him, and seized his arm.

"Hush, child! There's ill news in the house."

Charley dropped his voice to an awe-struck whisper.

"What is it, Judith? Is papa worse?"

"Child! there's illness of mind as well as body. I didn't say sickness; I said ill news. I don't rightly understand it; the mistress told word to me, and I guessed the rest. And was me that took in the letter. *Me!* I wish'd put it in my kitchen fire first!"

"Is it Judith, is it news of the—the cause? Is it over?"

"It's over, as I gathered. 'Twas a London letter, and came by the afternoon post. All the poor master's hopes and dependencies for years have been wrested out of him. And if they'd give me my way, I'd prosecute them postmen for bringing such ill luck to a body's door."

Charles stood, something like a statue, the bright, sensitive color deserting his cheek. One of those cases, Might *versus* Right, of which there are so many in the world, had been pending in the Channing family for years and years. It involved a considerable amount of money, which ought, long ago, to have devolved peaceably to Mr. Channing; but Might was against him, and Might threw it into Chancery. The decision of the Vice-Chancellor had been given for Mr. Channing, upon which Might, in his overbearing power, carried it to a higher tribunal. Possibly the final decision, from which there could be no appeal, had now come.

"Judith," Charles asked, after a pause, "did you hear whether—whether the letter—I mean the news—had anything to do with the Lord Chancellor?"

"Oh, bother the Lord Chancellor," was Judith's response. "It had to do with somebody that's an enemy to your poor papa. I know that much. Who's this?"

The hall door had opened, and Judith and Charles turned towards it. A gay, bright-featured young man of three-and-twenty entered, tall and handsome, as it was in the nature of the Channings to be. He was the eldest son of the family, James: or, as he was invariably styled, Hamish. He rose six foot two in his stockings, was well made, and upright. In grace and strength of frame the Yorkes and the Channings stood A 1 in Helstonleigh.

"Now, then! What are you two concocting? Is he coming over you again to let him make more toffy, Judy, and burn out the bottom of another saucepan?"

"Hamish, Judy says there's some bad news come in by the London post. I'm afraid the Lord Chancellor has given judgment—given it against us."

The careless smile, the half-mocking expression left the lips of Hamish. He glanced from Judith to Charles, from Charles to Judith.

"Is it sure?" he breathed.

"It's sure that it's awful news of some sort," retorted Judith; "and the mistress, she said to me that all was over now. They be all in there, but you two," pointing with her finger to the parlor on the left of the hall; "and you had better go in to them. Master Hamish—"

"Well?" returned Hamish, in a tone of abstraction.

"You must every one of you just make the best of it, and comfort the poor master. You be young and strong, while he—you know what *he* is. You, in special, Master Hamish, for you're the eldest born, and were the first of 'em as ever I nursed upon my knee."

"Of course—of course," he hastily replied. "But, oh, Judith! you don't know the half of the ill this must bring upon us! Come along, Charley; let us hear the worst."

Laying his arm with an affectionate gesture round the boy's neck, Hamish drew him towards the parlor. It was a square, light, cheerful room—not the best room; that was on the other side the hall. On a sofa, underneath the window, reclined Mr. Channing, his head and shoulders partly raised by cushions. His illness had continued long, and now, it was feared, had become chronic. A remarkably fine specimen of manhood he must have been in his day, his countenance one of thoughtful goodness, pleasant to look upon. Arthur, the second son, had inherited its thoughtfulness, its expression of goodness; James, its beauty; but there was a great likeness between all the four sons. Arthur, but nineteen, was nearly as tall as his brother. He stood bending over the arm of his father's sofa. Tom, looking sadly blank and cross, sat at the table, his elbows leaning on it. Mrs. Channing's pale, sweet face was bent towards her daughter's, Constance, a graceful girl of one-and-twenty; and Annabel, a troublesome young lady of nearly fourteen, was surreptitiously giving twitches to Tom's hair.

Arthur moved from the place next his father when he saw Hamish, as if yielding him the right to stand there. A more united, cordial family it would be impossible to find: the brothers and sisters loved each other dearly, and Hamish they almost reverenced—saving Annabel: plenty of love the child possessed; but of reverence, little. With his gay, good humor, and his indulgent, merry-hearted spirit, Hamish Channing was one to earn love as his right, somewhat thoughtless though he was. Thoroughly well, in the highest sense of the term, had the Channings been reared. Not of their own wisdom had Mr. and Mrs. Channing trained their children; they had craved—*and had obtained*—help of God.

"What's the *matter*, sir?" asked Hamish, smoothing his brow, and suffering the hopeful smile to return to his lips. "Judith says some outrageous luck has arrived; come express, by post."

"Joke while you may, Hamish," interposed Mrs. Channing, in a low voice; "I shrink from telling it you. Can you not guess the news?"

Hamish looked round at each individual with his sunny smile, and then let it rest upon his mother.

"The very worst I can guess is not so bad. We are all here in our accustomed health. Had we sent Annabel up in that new balloon they are advertising, I might fancy it had capsized with her—as it *will* some day. Annabel, never be persuaded to mount the air in that fashion."

"Hamish! Hamish!" gently reproved Mrs. Channing. But perhaps she discerned the motive which actuated him. Annabel clapped her hands; she would thought it great fun to go up in a balloon.

"Well, mother, the worst tidings that the whole world could bring upon us cannot, I say, be very dreadful, while we can discuss them as we are doing now," said Hamish. "I suppose the Lord Chancellor has pronounced against us?"

"Irrevocably. The suit is forever at an end, and we have lost it."

"Hamish is right," interrupted Mr. Channing. "When the letter came, I was for a short while overwhelmed. But I began to see it already in a less desponding light; and by to-morrow I dare say I shall be cheerful over it. One blessed thing—children, I say it advisedly, a 'blessed' thing—the worry will be over."

Charley lifted his head.

"The worry, papa?"

"Ay, my boy; the agitation—the perpetual excitement—the sickening suspense—the yearning for the end. You cannot understand this, Charley; you can none of you picture it, as it has been for me. Could I have got abroad, like other men, it would have shaken itself off amidst the bustle of the world, and have pressed upon me only at odd times and seasons. But here have I lain, that suspense my companion always. It was not right so to allow the anxiety to work upon me; but I could not help it; I really could not."

"We shall manage to do without it, papa," spoke Arthur.

"Yes; after a bit; we shall manage very well. The worst is, we are backward in our payments; for you know how surely I counted upon it. It ought to have been mine; it was mine by the full right of justice, though it now seems the law was against me. It is a great affliction; but it is one of those which may be borne with an open brow."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Afflictions are of two kinds—as I class them. The one we bring upon ourselves, through our own misconduct; the other is laid upon us by God for our real advantage. Yes, my boys, we receive many blessings in disguise. Trouble of this sort will only serve to draw out your manly energies, to make you engage vigorously in the business of life, to strengthen your self-dependence and your trust in God. How truly is it said, 'All things work together for good to them that love God!' This calamity of the law-suit we must all meet bravely. One mercy, at any rate, the news has brought with it."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Channing, lifting her sad face.

"When I have glanced to the possibility of the decision being against me, I have wondered *how* I should pay the long and heavy costs; whether our home must not be broken up to do it, and ourselves turned out upon the world. But the costs are not to fall upon me; all are to be paid out of the estate."

"There's good news!" ejaculated Hamish, his face radiant, as he nodded around.

"My darling boys," resumed Mr. Channing, "you must all work, and do your best. I had thought this money would have made things easier for you; but it is not to be. Not that I would have a boy of mine cherish for a moment the sad and vain dream which some do—that of living in idleness. God has sent us all into the world to work; some with their hands, some with their heads; all according to their station. You will not be the worse off," Mr. Channing added with a smile, "for working a bit harder than you thought would be necessary."

"Perhaps the money may come to us, after all, by some miracle," suggested Charley.

"No," replied Mr. Channing. "It has gone wholly from us. It is as much lost to us as though we had never possessed a claim to it."

It was even so. This decision of the Lord Chancellor had taken it from the Channing family for ever.

"Never mind!" cried Tom, throwing up his trencher, which he had carelessly carried into the room with him. "As papa says, we have our hands and brains: and they often win the race against money in the long run."

Yes. The boys had active hands and healthy brains—no despicable inheritance, when added to a firm faith in God, and an ardent wish to serve Him. As the chaplain to the high sheriff told the judges and others in his assize sermon, that the Holy Spirit, as promised by Jesus Christ, can alone renovate hearts and turn them from evil, so Mr. and Mrs. Channing, actuated by this self-same Spirit, had endeavored to implant the striving for it earnestly and rightly in their children's hearts. You will find, as you read on, whether it brought forth fruit.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTANCE CHANNING.

How true is the old proverb—"Man proposes and God disposes." God's ways are not as our ways. His dealings with us are often mysterious, and only the eye of Faith can detect his hand in all the varied dispensations of Providence. But we are sure of this, that He maketh all things work together for good to them that love Him; that, however grievous the hastening may appear, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness; that in due time our tears are wiped away, our mourning turned to singing, and we are made to exchange the "spirit of heaviness" for "the garments of praise."

It was on these truths that the Channing family reposed, when the long-suspended blow fell and swept away their worldly prosperity. Mrs. Channing had faithfully instructed her children in the sacred Scriptures; she had presented to them the great truths of the Bible, in all their beautiful simplicity; she had relied on the precious promises of God, that His word should not return unto Him void; she made her children the subject of many prayers and tears, and her heart was full of confidence that God would lead them in the way of righteousness. She was not impatient; not discouraged because no immediate result followed her labors; not cast down because her children were not all that she desired to see them. She knew how to wait. It was her duty, her happy privilege to sow the good seed: it was God only who could give the increase. But her faith in God was great, even in the hour of trial and difficulty, when she knew that her children would be exposed to new temptations and new dangers. God would take care of them. She was sure of that, as she remembered the words of the apostle—"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

But to return to our story.

I am not sure that we can quite picture to ourselves the life that had been Mr. Channing's. Of gentle birth, and reared to no profession, the inheritance which ought to have come to him was looked upon as a sufficient independence. That it would come to him, had never been doubted by himself or by others; and it was only at the very moment when he thought he was going to take possession of it, that some enemy set up a claim and threw it into Chancery. You may cavil at the word "enemy," but it could certainly not be looked upon as the act of a friend. By every right, by every justice, it belonged to James Channing; but he who put in his claim, taking advantage of a quibble of law, was a rich man and a mighty one. I should not like to get possession of another person's money in such manner. I should have the good, old-fashioned, wholesome fear upon me, that it would bring no good either to me or mine.

James Channing never supposed but the money would be his some time. Meanwhile he sought and obtained employment to occupy his days, and bring "grist to the mill," until the patrimony should come. Hoping, hoping, hoping on; hoping and disappointment, hoping and disappointment—there was nothing else for years and years; and you know who has said, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." There have been many such cases in the world, but I question, I say, if we can quite realize them. However, the end was come—the certainty of disappointment; and Mr. Channing was already beginning to be thankful that the suspense, at any rate, was over.

He was the head of an office—or it may be more correct to say the head of the Helstonleigh branch of it, for the establishment was a London one—a large, important concern, comprising various departments of insurance. Hamish was in the same office; and since Mr. Channing's rheumatism had become chronic, it was Hamish who chiefly transacted the business at the office, generally bringing home the books when he left, and going over them in the evening with Mr. Channing. Thus the business was as effectually transacted, and Mr. Channing retained his salary. The directors were contented that it should be so, for Mr. Channing possessed their thorough respect and esteem.

After the ill-news was communicated to them, the boys left the parlor, and assembled in a group in the study, at the back, to talk it over. Constance was with them, but they would not admit Annabel. A shady, pleasant, untidy room was that study, opening to a cool, shady garden. It had oil-cloth on the floor instead of carpeting, and books and playthings were strewed about it.

"What an awful shame it is there should be so much injustice in the world?" spoke passionate Tom, flinging his "Euripides" on the table.

"But for one thing, I should be rather glad the worry's over," cried Hamish. "We know the worst now—that we have only ourselves to trust to."

"Our hands and brains, as Tom said," remarked Charley. "What is the 'one thing' that you mean, Hamish?"

Hamish laid hold of Charley by the waist, lifted him up and let him drop again.

"It is what does not concern little boys to know: and I don't see why you should be in here with us, young sir, any more than Annabel."

"A presentiment that this would be the ending has been upon me some time," broke in the gentle voice of Constance. "In my own mind I have kept laying out plans for us all. You see it is not as if we should enjoy the full income that we have hitherto done."

"What's that, Constance?" asked Tom, hotly. "The decision does not touch papa's salary; and you heard him say that the costs were to be paid out of the estate: a pretty thing it would be if any big-wigged Lord Chancellor could take away the money that a man works hard for."

"Hasty, as usual, Tom," she smiled. "You know—we all know—that, counting fully upon this money, papa is behind in his payments. They must be paid off now in the best way that may be: and it will take so much from his income. It will make no difference to you, Tom: all you can do is to try on heartily for the scholarship and the exhibition."

"Oh, won't it make a difference to me, though!" retorted Tom. "And suppose I don't gain it, Constance?"

"Then you will have to work all the harder, Tom, in some other walk of life. Failing the exhibition, of course there will be no chance of your getting to the University; and you must give up hopes of entering the Church.—The worst off—the one upon whom this disappointment must fall the hardest—will be Arthur."

Arthur Channing—astride on the arm of the old-fashioned sofa—lifted his large, deep blue eyes to Constance, with a flash of intelligence: it seemed to say, that she only spoke of what he already knew. He had been silent hitherto; he was of a silent nature: a quiet, loving, tender nature: while the rest spoke, he was content to think.

"Ay, that it will!" exclaimed Hamish; "what will become of your articles now, Arthur?"

It should be explained that Arthur had entered the office of Mr. Galloway, who was a proctor, and also was steward to the Dean and Chapter. Arthur was only a subordinate in it, a paid clerk—and upon very short pay, too; but it was intended that he should enter upon his articles as soon as this money should be theirs, to enable Mr. Channing to pay for them. Hamish might well ask what would become of his articles now?

"I can't see a single step before me," cried Arthur, "save that I must stay on as I am, a paid clerk."

"What rubbish, Arthur!" flashed Tom—who possessed a considerable share of temper when it was touched. "As if you, Arthur Channing, could remain a paid clerk at Galloway's! Why, you' be on a level with Jenkins—old Jenkins's son. Roland Yorke *would* look down on you then; worse than he does now. And that need not be!"

The sensitive crimson dyed the fair, open brow of Arthur. Of all the failings that he found it most difficult to subdue in his own heart, pride bore the greatest share. From the moment the ill-news had come to his father, the boy felt that he should have to do fierce battle with his pride; that there was ever-recurring mortification laid up in store for it.

"But I *can* battle with it," he bravely whispered to himself: "and I will do it, God helping me."

"I may whistle for my new cricket-bat and stumps now," grumbled Tom.

"And I wonder when I shall get my new clothes?" added Charley.

"How selfish we all are!" broke forth Arthur.

"Selfish?" chafed Tom.

"Yes, selfish. Here we are, croaking over our petty disappointments, and forgetting the worse share that falls upon papa. Failing this money, how will he get to the German baths?"

A pause of consternation. In their own grievances the boys had lost sight of the hope which had recently been shared by them all. An eminent physician, passing through Helstonleigh, had seen Mr. Channing, and given his opinion that if he would visit certain medicinal spas in Germany, health might be restored to him. When the cause should be terminated in their favor, Mr. Channing had intended to set out. But now it was given against him; and hope of setting out was gone.

"I wish I could carry him on my back to Germany, and work to keep him while he stayed there!" impulsively spoke Tom. "Wretchedly selfish we have been, to dwell on our disappointments, by the side of papa's. I wish I was older!"

Constance was standing against the window. She was of middle height, thoroughly lady-like and graceful; her features fair and beautiful, and her dark blue eyes and smooth white brow wonderfully like Arthur's. She wore a muslin dress with a delicate pink sprig upon it, the lace of its open sleeves falling on her pretty white hands, which were playing unconsciously with a sprig of jessamine, while she listened to her brothers, as each spoke.

"Tom," she interposed, in answer to the last remark, "it is of no use wishing for impossibilities. We must look steadfastly at things as they exist, and see what is the best that can be made of them. All that you and Charles can do is to work well on at your studies—Annabel the same; and it is to be hoped this blow will take some of her flightiness out of her. Hamish and Arthur, and I, must try and help more actively."

"You!" echoed Arthur. "Why, what can you do, Constance?"

A soft blush rose to her cheeks. "I tell you that I have seemed to anticipate this," she said, "and my mind has busied itself with plans and projects. I shall look out for a situation as daily governess."

A groan of anger burst from Tom. His quick temper, and Arthur's pride, alike rose up and resented the words—"A daily governess! It's only another name for servant. Fine, that would be, for Miss Channing."

Constance laughed. "Oh, Tom! there are worse misfortunes at sea. I would go out wholly, but that papa would not like to spare me, and I must take Annabel for music and other things in an evening. Don't look cross. It is an excellent thought; and I shan't mind it."

"What will mamma say?" asked Tom, ironically. "You just ask her!"

"Mamma knows," replied Constance. "Mamma has had her fears about the termination of the law-suit, like I have. Ah! while you boys were laughing and joking, and pursuing your sports, or your studies of a night, I and mamma would be talking over the shadowed future. I told mamma that if the time and necessity came for my turning my education and talents to account, I should do it with a willing heart; and mamma being rather more sensible than her impetuous son Tom, cordially approved."

Tom made a paper bullet and flung it at Constance, his honest eyes half laughing.

"So should I approve," said Hamish. "It is a case, taking into consideration my father's state, in which all of us should help who are able. Of course, were you boys grown up and getting money, Constance *should* be exempt from aiding and abetting; but as it is, it is different. There will be no disgrace in her becoming a governess, and Helstonleigh will never think it. She is a lady always; and so she would be if she were to turn to and wash up dishes. The only doubt is ——"

He stopped, and looked hesitatingly at Constance; and as if penetrating his meaning, her eyes fell before his.

"—— Whether Yorke will like it," went on Hamish, as if he had made no halt in his sentence. And the pretty blush in Constance Channing's face deepened to a hot, glowing crimson; and Tom made a whole heap of bullets at once, and showered them on to her.

"So, Hamish—be quiet, Tom!—you may inquire all over Helstonleigh to-morrow, whether anybody wants a governess; a well-trained young lady of twenty-one, who can play, and sing, and paint, and speak really good English, and decent French, and has a smattering of German," rattled on Constance, as if to cover her blushes. "I shall ask forty guineas a year. Do you think I shall get it?"

"I think you ought to ask eighty," said Arthur.

"So I would, if I were thirty-one instead of twenty-one," said Constance. "Oh dear! here am I laughing and joking over it, but it is a serious thing to undertake—the instruction of the young. I hope I shall be enabled to do my duty in it. What's that?"

It was a merry, mocking laugh, which came from the outside of the window, and then a head of auburn hair, all wild and entangled, was pushed up, and in burst Annabel, her saucy dark eyes dancing with delight.

"You locked me out, but I have been outside the window and heard it all," cried she, dancing before them in the most provoking manner. "Arthur can only be a paid clerk, and Constance is going to be a governess and get forty guineas a year, and if Tom doesn't gain his exhibition he must turn bell-ringer to the college, for papa can't pay for him at the university now!"

"What do you deserve, you wicked little picture of deceit?" demanded Hamish. "Do you forget the old story of the listener who lost his ears?"

"I always do listen whenever I can, and I always will," avowed Annabel. "I have warned you so a hundred times over, and I now warn you again. I wish Tom *would* turn bell-ringer! I'd make him ring a peal that should astonish Helstonleigh the day Constance goes out as governess. Shan't I have a fine time of it! It's lessons for me now, morning, noon and night—she's always worrying me; but, once let us get her back turned, and I shall have whole holiday! She may think I'll do my lessons with her at night; but I won't!"

The boys began to chase her round the table. She was nearly a match for all four—a troublesome, indulged, sunny-hearted child, who delighted in committing faults, that she might have the pleasure of avowing them. She got out into the garden, first knocking over Constance's paint-box, and some of them went after her.

At that moment Mr. Yorke came in. You have seen him once before, in his place in Helstonleigh Cathedral; a tall, slender man, with pale, well-formed features, and an attractive smile. His dark eyes rested on Constance as he entered, and once more the brilliant color lighted up her face. When prospects should be a little better—that is, when Mr. Yorke should get a sufficient living bestowed upon him—Constance was to become his wife. His stipend from the minor canonry was at present but trifling.

"Judith met me in the hall as I was going into the parlor, and told me I had better come here," he observed. "She said bad news had arrived for Mr. Channing."

"Yes," answered Hamish. "The law-suit is lost."

"Lost!" echoed Mr. Yorke.

"Irrevocably. We were discussing ways and means amongst ourselves," smiled Hamish, "for of course this changes prospects materially."

"And Constance is going out as a governess, if she can get anybody to take her, and Arthur is to plod on with Joe Jenkins, and Tom means to apply for the post of bell-ringer to the cathedral," interposed the incorrigible Annabel, who had once more darted in, and heard the last words. "Can you recommend Constance to a place, Mr. Yorke?"

He treated the information lightly; he laughed at and with Annabel; but Constance noticed that a flush crossed his brow, and that he quitted the subject.

"Has the inked surplice been found out, Tom—I mean the culprit?"

"Not yet, Mr. Yorke."

"Charles, you can tell me who it was, I hear."

There was a startled glance for a moment in Charles's eye, as he looked up at Mr. Yorke, and an unconscious meaning in his tone.

"Why, do *you* know who it was, sir?"

"Not I," said Mr. Yorke. "I know that, whoever it may have been, he deserves a sound flogging if he did it wilfully."

"Then, sir, why did you suppose I knew?"

"I met Hurst just now, and he stopped me, with the news that he was sure Charley Channing could put his hand upon the offender, if he chose to do it. It was not yourself, was it, Charley?"

Mr. Yorke laughed as he asked the question. Charley laughed also, but in a constrained manner. Meanwhile the others, to whom the topic had been as a Sanscrit, inquired an explanation, which Mr. Yorke gave, so far as his cognizance went.

"What a shame to spoil a surplice! Have you cause to suspect any particular boy, Charley?" demanded Hamish.

"Don't ask him in my presence," interrupted Tom, in the same hurried manner that he had used in the cloisters. "I should be compelled in honor to inform the master, and Charley would get his life thrashed out of him by the school."

"Don't you ask me, either, Mr. Yorke," said Charles; and the tone of his voice, still unconsciously to himself, bore a strangely serious earnestness.

"Why not?" returned Mr. Yorke. "I am not a senior of the college school, and under obedience to its head master."

"If you are all to stop in this room, I and Tom shall never get our lessons done," was all the reply made by Charles, as he drew a chair to the table and opened his exercise books.

"And I never could afford that," cried Tom, following his example, and looking out the books he required. "It won't do to let Huntley and Yorke get ahead of me."

"Trying for the seniorship as strenuously as ever, Tom?" asked Mr. Yorke.

"Of course I am," replied Tom Channing, lifting his eyes in slight surprise: "and I hope I shall get it."

"Which of the three stands the best chance?"

"Well," said Tom, "it will be about neck-and-neck race between us. My name stands first on the rolls of the school; therefore, were our merits equal, in strict justice it ought to be given to me. But the master could pass me over if he pleased, and fix upon either of the other two."

"Which of those two stands first on the rolls?"

"Harry Huntley. Yorke is the last. But that does not count for much, you know, Mr. Yorke, as we all entered together. They enrolled us according as our initial letter stood in the alphabet."

"It will turn wholly upon your scholastic merits, then? I hear—but Helstonleigh is famous for its gossip—that in past times it has frequently gone by favor."

"So it has," said Tom Channing, throwing back his head with a whole world of indignation in the action. "Eligible boys have been passed over, and the most incapable dolt set up above them; all because his friends were in a good position, and hand-in glove with the head master. I don't mean Pye, you know: before he came. It's said the last case was so flagrant that it got to the ears of the dean, and he interfered and forbid favor for the future. At any rate, there's an impression running through the school that merits and conduct, taken together, will be allowed fair play."

"Conduct!" echoed Arthur Channing.

Tom nodded—

"Conduct is to be brought in this time. One day, when the first desk got into a row with the head master, through some mischief we had gone into out of school, he asked us if we were aware that our conduct, as it might be good or ill, might gain or lose us the seniorship. Yorke, who is bold enough, you know, for ten, remarked that that was a new dodge, and the master overheard the words, and said, 'Yes, he was happy to say there were many new "dodges" he had seen fit to introduce, which he trusted might tend to make the school different from what it had been.' Of course we had the laugh at Yorke; but the master took no more notice. Since then, I assure you, Mr. Yorke, our behavior has been a pat-

tern for young ladies—mine, and Huntley's, and Yorke's; for we don't care to lose a chance."

Tom Channing nodded sagaciously as he concluded, and they left the room free for him and Charles.

CHAPTER IV.

NO HOLIDAY TODAY.

"Now, Constance, that we have a moment alone, what is this about you?" began Mr. Yorke, as they stood together in the garden.

"Annabel said the truth—that I do think of going out as daily governess," she replied, bending over a carnation to hide the blush which rose in her cheeks, a very rival to the blushing flower. "It is a great misfortune that has fallen upon us—at least we can only look at it in that light at present, and will, beyond doubt, be productive of some embarrassment. Do you not see, William, that it is incumbent upon us all to endeavor to lighten this embarrassment, those of us who can? I must assume my share."

Mr. Yorke was silent. Constance took it for granted that he was displeased—He was of a very good family, and she supposed he disliked the step she was about to take—that he deemed it would be derogatory to his future wife.

"Have you fully made up your mind?" he at length asked.

"Yes. I have talked it over with mamma—for indeed she and I both seem to have anticipated this—and she thinks with me, that it is what I ought to do. William, how could I reconcile it to my conscience not to help?" she continued. "Think of papa! think of his strait! It appears to be a plain duty thrown in my path."

"By yourself, Constance?"

"No, by my Father in Heaven," she whispered, lifting for a moment her large blue eyes. "Oh, William, William, do not be displeased with me! do not forbid it! It is honorable to work—it is right to do what we can. Strive to see it in the right light."

"Let that carnation alone, Constance; give your attention to me. What if I do forbid it?"

She walked a little forward, quitting the carnation bed, and halted under the shade of the dark cedar tree, her heart and her color alike fading. Mr. Yorke followed, and stood before her.

"William, I must do my duty. There is no other way open to me, by which I can earn something to help in this time of need, save that of becoming a governess. Many a lady, better born than I, has done it before me."

"A daily governess, I think you said?"

"Papa could not spare me to go out entirely, Annabel could not spare me, and—"

"I would not spare you," he struck in, filling up her pause. "Was that what you were about to say, Constance?"

The rosy hue stole over her face again, and a sweet smile to her lips: "Oh, William, if you will but sanction it! I shall go about it then with the lightest heart!"

He looked at her with an expression she did not understand, and shook his head. Constance thought it a negative shake, and her hopes fell again. "You did not answer my question," said Mr. Yorke. "What if I forbid it?"

"But it seems to be my duty," she urged from between her pale and parted lips.

"Constance, that is no answer."

"Oh, do not, do not! William, do not you throw this temptation before me—the choosing between yourself and the plain duty that lies before me."

"The temptation, as you call it, must be for a later consideration. Why will you not reply to me? What would be your course if I forbade it?"

"I do not know: God only knows," she added, "and I must seek His guidance, His help, His favor, before everything else. But, oh, William, if you gave me up—"

She could not continue. She turned away to hide her face from Mr. Yorke. He followed, and obtained forcible view of it; it was wet with tears.

"Nay, but I did not mean to carry it so far as to cause you real grief, my dearest," he said in a changed tone, bending down to her; "though you brought it on yourself," he added, laughing, as he made his peace.

"How did I bring it on myself?"

"By doubting me. I saw you doubted me at the first, when Annabel spoke of it in the study. Constance, if you, possessed as you are of suitable acquirements, refused, from any notion of false pride, to exert them for your family in a time of need, I should say you were little fitted for the wife of one whose whole duty must be to do his Master's work."

"You will sanction the measure then?" she rejoined, her countenance lighting up.

"How could you doubt me? I wish I could make a home at once to bring you to; but as you must remain in this a little longer, it is only fair that you should contribute to its maintenance. We all have to bend to circumstances. I shall not love my wife the less, that she has had the courage to turn her talents to account. What could you be thinking of, child?"

"Forgive me, William," she softly pleaded. "But you looked so grave and were so silent."

Mr. Yorke smiled—

"The truth is, Constance, I was turning about in my mind whether I could not help to place you, and pondering the advantages and disadvantages of a situation I know of—Lady Augusta is looking out for a daily governess."

"Is she?" exclaimed Constance. "I wonder—whether—I—should suit her?"

Constance spoke hesitatingly. The thought which had flashed over her own mind was, whether Lady Augusta Yorke could afford to pay her suitable remuneration. Probably the same doubt had made one of the "disadvantages" hinted at by Mr. Yorke.

"I called there yesterday, and interrupted a 'scene' between Lady Augusta and Miss Caroline," he said; "unseemly anger on my lady's part, and rebellion on Carry's forming, as usual, its chief features."

"But Lady Augusta is so indulgent to her children!" interrupted Constance.

"Perniciously indulgent, generally; and when the effects break out in insolence and disobedience, then there ensues a scene. If you go there, you will witness them occasionally, and I assure you they are not edifying. You must endeavor to train the girls to something better than they have been trained to yet, Constance."

"If I do go."

"I knew how long it would last, Lady Augusta's instructing them herself," resumed Mr. Yorke. "It is not a month since the governess left."

"Why does she wish to take a daily governess, instead of one in the house?"

"*Why* Lady Augusta does a thing is scarcely ever to be accounted for, by herself or by anybody else!" replied Mr. Yorke. "Some convenience or inconvenience, she mentioned to me, about the sleeping arrangements.—Shall I ascertain particulars for you, Constance; touching salary and other matters?"

"If you please. Papa is somewhat fastidious; but he could not object to my going there; and its being so very near our own house would be a great point of—"

"Constance!" interrupted a voice at this juncture, "is Mr. Yorke there?"

"He is here, mamma," replied Constance, walking forward to Mrs. Channing, Mr. Yorke attending her.

"I thought I heard you come in," she said, as Mr. Yorke took her hand. "Mr. Channing will be pleased to see you, if you will come in and chat with him. The children have told you the tidings. It is a great detriment to their prospects."

"But they seem determined to bear it bravely," he answered, in a hearty tone.—"You may be proud to have such children, Mrs Channing."

"Not proud," she softly said,—"thankful!"

"True. I am obliged to you for correcting me," was the clergyman's ingenuous answer, as he walked, with Mrs. Channing, across the hall. Constance halted, for Judith came out of the kitchen, and spoke in a whisper—

"And what is the right and the wrong of it, Miss Constance? *Is* the money gone?"

"Gone entirely, Judith; gone for good."

"For good!" grunted Judith; "I should say for ill. Why do the Queen let there be a Lord Chancellor?"

"It is not the Lord Chancellor's fault, Judith. He only administers the law."

"Why couldn't he just as well have given it *for* your papa, as against him?"

"I suppose he considers that the law is on the other side," sighed Constance.

Judith, with a pettish movement, returned to the kitchen; and the next to appear from above was Hamish. He had changed his dress, and had a pair of new white gloves in his hand.

"Are you going out to-night, Hamish?"

There was a stress on the word "to-night," and Hamish marked it. "I promised, you know, Constance. And my staying away would do no good; it could not make things better. Fare you well, my pretty sister. Tell mamma I shall be home by eleven."

"It'll be a sad cut down for 'em all," muttered Judith, gazing at Hamish round the kitchen door-post. "Where he'll find money for his white gloves and things now, is beyond my telling, the darling boy! If I could but get to that Lord Chancellor!"

Before seven o'clock, the whole school, choristers and king's scholars, assembled in the cloisters. But, instead of entering the school-room for early school, they formed themselves into a dense mass (if you ever saw school-boys march otherwise, I have not), and treading on each other's heels, proceeded through the town to the lodgings of the judges, in pursuance of a time-honored custom. There the head boy sent in his name to the very chamber of the lord chief justice, who happened this time to have come the Helstonleigh circuit. "Mr. Gaunt, senior of the college school"—craving holiday for himself, and the whole fry who had attended him.

"College boys!" cried his lordship, winking and blinking, like other less majestic mortals do when awoke suddenly out of their morning sleep.

"Yes, my lord," replied the servant. "All the school's come up; such a lot of 'em! It's the holiday they are asking for."

"Oh, ah, I recollect," cried his lordship—for it was not the first time he had been to Helstonleigh. "Give one of my cards to the senior boy, Roberts. My compliments to the head master, and I beg he will grant the boys a holiday."

Roberts did as he was bid—he also had been to Helstonleigh before with his master—and delivered the card and message to Gaunt. The consequence of which was, the school tore through the streets in triumph, shouting "holiday!" to be heard a mile off, and bringing people hot, and in white garments, from their beds to the windows. The least they feared was, that the town had taken fire.

Back to the house of the head master for the pantomime to be played through. This usually was (for the master, as wise on the subject as they were, would lie that morning in bed) to send the master's servant into the room with the card and the message; upon which the permission for the holiday would come out, and the boys disperse, exercising their legs and lungs. No such luck, however, on this morning. The servant met them at the door, and grinned dreadfully at the lot.

"Won't you catch it, gentlemen! The head master's gone into school, and is waiting for you; marking you all late, of course."

"Gone into school!" repeated Gaunt, haughtily, resenting the familiarity, as well as the information. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I just mean that, sir,"—and Gaunt felt uncommonly inclined to knock him down; but the man had a propensity for grinning, and was sure to exercise it on all possible occasions—"there's some row up, and you are not to have a holiday; the master said last night I was to call him this morning as usual."

At this unexpected reply, the boys slunk away to the college school-room, their buoyant spirits sunk down to dust and ashes—as may be figuratively said. They could not understand it; they had not the most distant idea what their offence could have been.—Gaunt entered, and the rest trooped in after him. The head master sat at his desk in stern state; the other masters were in their places.

"What is the meaning of this insubordination?" the master sharply demanded, addressing Gaunt. "You are three quarters of an hour behind your time."

"We have been up to the judges, as usual, for holiday, sir," replied Gaunt, in a tone of deprecation. "His lordship sends his card and compliments to you, and—"

"Holiday!" interrupted the master. "Holiday!" he repeated, with emphasis, as if disbelieving his own ears. "Do you deem that the school deserves it? A pretty senior you must be, if you do."

"What has the school done, sir?" respectfully asked Gaunt.

"Your memory must be conveniently short," chafed the master. "Have you forgotten the inked surplice?"

Gaunt paused. "But that was not the act of the whole school, sir. It was probably the act of only one."

"But, so long as that one does not confess, the whole school must bear it," returned the master, looking round on the assembly. "Boys, understand me. It is not for the fault itself; that may have been, as I said yesterday, the result of accident: but it is the concealment of the fault that makes me angry. Will you confess now? he who did it."

No; the appeal brought forth no further result than the other one had done. The master continued:

"You may think—I speak now to the guilty boy, and let him take these words to himself—that you were quite alone when you did it; that no eye was watching. But let me remind you that the eye of God was upon you; and that what you refuse to tell, He can bring to light, if it shall so please Him, in His own wonderful way, His own good time. There will be no holiday to-day. Prayers."

The boys fell into their places, and stood with hanging heads, something like rebellion working in every breast. At breakfast time they were dismissed, and gathered in the cloisters to give vent to their sentiments.

"Isn't it a stunning shame!" cried hot Tom Channing. "The school ought not to suffer for the fault of one boy. The master has no right—"

"The fault lies in the boy, not in the master," interrupted Gaunt; "a sneak! a coward! If he has got a spark of manly honor in him, he'll speak up now."

"As it has come to this, I say Charley Channing should be made to declare what he knows," said one: "he saw it done!"

"Who says he did?" quickly asked Tom Channing.

"Somebody said so; and that he was afraid to tell."

Gaunt lifted his finger, and made a sign to Charles. "Now, boy"—as the latter obeyed—"you will answer *me*, remember. The master has called the seniors to his aid, and I order you to speak. Did you see this mischief done?"

"No, I did not!" fearlessly replied little Channing.

"If he doesn't know, he suspects," said Hurst. "Come, Miss Channing."

"We don't declare things upon suspicion, do we, Mr. Gaunt?" appealed Charles. "I may suspect one, Hurst may suspect another; Bywater said he suspected two; the whole school may be suspicious, one of another. Where's the use of that?"

"It is of no use," decided Gaunt; "you say you did not see the surplice damaged?"

"I did not; upon my word of honor."

"That's enough," said Gaunt. "Depend upon it the fellow, while he was at it, took precious good precautions against being seen. When he gets found out he had better not come within reach of the seniors; I warn him of that: they might not leave him a head on his shoulders, or a tooth in his mouth."

CHAPTER V.

ROLAND YORKE.

Just without the Boundaries, in a wide, quiet street, called Close street, was the office of Richard Galloway, Esquire, Proctor, and Steward to the Dean and Chapter. Save for this one office the street consisted of private houses, and it was one of the approaches to the cathedral, though not the chief one. Mr. Galloway was a bachelor; a short, stout man, shaped like a butter-cask, with a fat, round face, round, open, grey eyes—that always looked as if their owner were in a state of wonder—and a little, round mouth. But he was a shrewd man and a capable; he was also, in his way, a dandy; dressed scrupulously in the fashion, with delicate shirt-fronts and snow-white wristbands; and for the last twenty-five years, at least, had been a mark for all the single ladies of Helstonleigh to set their caps at.

Of beauty, Mr. Galloway could boast little; but of his hair he was moderately vain: a very good head of hair it was, curling naturally. But hair, let it be luxuriant enough to excite the admiration of a whole army of coiffeurs, is, like other things in this sublunary world of ours, subject to change; it will not last for ever; and Mr. Galloway's, from a fine and glossy brown, turned, as years went on, to sober grey; nay, almost to white. He did not particularly admire the change, but he had to submit to it; nature is stronger than we are. A friend hinted that it might be "dyed." Mr. Galloway resented the suggestion: anything false was abhorrent to him. When, however, after an illness, his hair began to fall off alarmingly, he thought it no harm to use a certain specific, emanating from one of Her Majesty's physicians; extensively set forth and patronised as an undoubted remedy for the falling off of hair. Mr. Galloway used it extensively in his fear, for he had an equal dread both of baldness and wigs. The lotion not only had the desired effect, but it had more: the hair grew on again luxuriantly, and its grey-whiteness turned into the finest flaxen you ever saw; a light, delicate shade of flaxen, exactly like the curls you see upon the heads of blue-eyed wax dolls. This is a fact: and whether Mr. Galloway liked it, or not, he had to put up with it; many would not be persuaded but what he had used some delicate preparation of dye, hitherto unknown to science; and the suspicion vexed Mr. Galloway. Behold him, therefore, with a perfect shower of smooth, fair curls upon his head, like any young beau.

It was in this gentleman's office that Arthur Channing had been placed, with a view to his becoming ultimately a proctor. To article him to Mr. Galloway would take a good round sum of money; and this had been put off until the termination of the suit, when Mr. Channing had looked forward to being at his ease, in regard to pecuniary means. There were two others in the same office: the one was Roland Yorke, who was articled; the other was Joseph Jenkins, a thin, spare, humble man, who had served Mr. Galloway for nearly twenty years, earning twenty-five shillings per week. He was a son of old Jenkins, the bedesmen, and his wife kept a small hosiery shop in High street. Roland Yorke was, of course, not paid; on the contrary, he had paid pretty smartly to Mr. Galloway for the privilege of being initiated into the mysteries pertaining to a proctor. Arthur Channing may be said to have occupied a position in the office midway between the two. He was *to become* on the footing of Roland Yorke; but meanwhile, he received a small sum weekly, in remuneration of his services, like Joe Jenkins did. Roland Yorke looked down upon him as a paid clerk; Mr. Jenkins looked up to him as a gentleman. It was a somewhat anomalous position; but Arthur had held his own bravely up in it until this blow came, looking forward to the brighter time.

In the years gone by, one of the stalls in Helstonleigh Cathedral was held by the Rev. Dr. Yorke; he had also some time filled the office of sub-dean. He had married, imprudently, the daughter of an Irish peer, a pretty, good-tempered girl, who was as fond of extravagance as she was devoid of means to support it. She had not a shilling; it was even said that the bills for her wedding clothes came in afterwards to Dr. Yorke; but people, you know, are given to talk scandal. Want of fortune had been nothing, had Lady Augusta but possessed common prudence; but she spent the doctor's money faster than it came in. In the course of years Dr. Yorke died, leaving eight children, and slender means for them. There were six boys and two girls. Lady Augusta went to reside in a cheap and roomy house (somewhat dilapidated) in the Boundaries, close to her old prebendal residence, and scrambled on in her careless, spending fashion, never out of debt. She retained their old barouche, and *would* retain it, and was a great deal too fond of ordering horses from the livery stables and driving out in it. Gifted with good parts and qualities had her children been born; but of training, in the highest sense of the word, she had given them none. George, the eldest, had a commission, and was away with his regiment; Roland, the second, had been designed for the Church, but no persuasion could induce him to be sufficiently attentive to his studies to qualify himself for it; he was therefore placed with Mr. Galloway, and the Church honors were now intended for Gerald. The fourth son, Theodore, was also in the college school, a junior. Next came two girls, Caroline and Fanny, and there were two little boys, younger. Haughty, self-willed, but of sufficiently honorable nature were the Yorkes. If Lady Augusta had but toiled to foster the good and eradicate the evil, they would have grown up to bless her. Good soil was there to work upon, as there was in the Channings: but, in case of the Yorkes, it was allowed to run to waste, or to generate weeds, or, in short, to do as it pleased.

A noisy, scrambling, uncomfortable sort of home was that of the Yorkes; the boys sometimes contending one with another, Lady Augusta often quarrelling with all. The home of the Channings was ever redolent of love, calm and peace. In the one the presence of God's Holy Spirit was experienced; in the other, that Spirit was as yet a stranger.

On the morning when the college boys had gone up to crave holiday of the judges, and had not obtained it—at least, not from the head master—Arthur Channing proceeded, as usual, to Mr. Galloway's after breakfast.—Seated at a desk, in his place, writing—he seemed to be ever seated there—was Mr. Jenkins. He lifted his head when Arthur entered, with a "Good-morning, sir," and then dropped it again over his copying.

"Good-morning," replied Arthur. And at that moment Mr. Galloway—his flaxen curls in full flow upon his head, something like rings—came forth from his private room.—"Good-morning, sir," Arthur added to his master.

Mr. Galloway nodded a reply to the salutation.

"Have you seen anything of Yorke?" he asked. "I want that deed, that he's about, finished as soon as possible."

"He will not be an instant," said Arthur; "I saw him coming up the street."

Roland Yorke hustled in; a dark-looking young man of twenty, with large but fine features, and a countenance expressive of indecision.

"Come, Mr. Yorke, you promised to be here early, to-day; you know that deed is being waited for."

"So I am early, sir," returned Roland.

"Early! For you, perhaps," granted Mr. Galloway. "Get to it at once."

Roland Yorke unlocked a drawer, collected sundry parchments together, and sat down to his desk. He and Arthur had their places side by side. Mr. Galloway stood at a table, and began sorting some papers that were upon it.

"How is Mr. Channing this morning, Arthur?"

"Much as usual, thank you, sir. Certain news, which arrived last evening, has not tended to cheer him."

"It is true, then?" remarked Mr. Galloway. "I heard a rumor of it."

"Oh, it's true enough," said Arthur; "it is in all the morning papers."

"Well, there never was a more unjust decision!" emphatically spoke Mr. Galloway.—"Mark you, I am not reflecting on the Lord Chancellor's judgment. I have always said that there were one or two nasty points in that suit, which the law might get hold of; but I know the whole cause by heart from beginning to end; and that money was as much your father's, as this coat that I have on is mine. Tell him I'll come in one of these first evenings and abuse the injustice of our laws with him, will you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Arthur.

"What's this row in the college school about a destroyed surplice, and the boys not getting their holiday through it?" resumed Mr. Galloway.

"Oh, ar'n't they savage!" struck in Roland Yorke. "The first thing Tod did, when he came home to breakfast, was to fling over his bowl of coffee, he was in such a passion.—Lady Augusta—she got up to breakfast this morning, for a wonder—boxed his ears, and ordered him to drink water; but he went into the kitchen, and got a lot of chocolate made for himself."

"What are the particulars? how was it done? I can't make top or tail of it," said Mr. Galloway.

"Bywater left his clean surplice yesterday in the vestry, and somebody threw ink over it—half soaked it in ink, so the choristers told Tom," answered Arthur Channing. "In the afternoon—they had service late, you know, sir, waiting for the Judges—Bywater was not in his place to sing the anthem, and Hurst sang it, and it put the master out very much."

"Put him out all the more that he has got nobody to punish for it," laughed Roland Yorke. "Of course Bywater couldn't appear in his stall, and sing the anthem, if he had no surplice to appear in; and the master couldn't tan him for not doing it. I know this, if it had happened while I was in the college school, I'd just have skinned some of the fellows alive, but what I'd have made them confess."

"Supposed you had skinned the wrong party?" cynically observed Mr. Galloway.—"You are too hasty with your tongue, Roland Yorke. My nephew, Mark, ran in just now to tell me of the holiday being denied, and that was the first I had heard of the affair.—Mark thinks one of the seniors was in it; not Gaunt."

Arthur Channing and Roland Yorke both looked up with a sharp, quick gesture. Gaunt excepted, the only senior, besides their respective brothers, was Harry Huntley.

"It is not likely, sir," said Arthur.

"A senior do it!" scoffed Roland Yorke. "What a young idiot Mark Galloway must be, to think that!"

"Mark does not seem to think much about it on his own account," said Mr. Galloway. "He said Bywater thought so, from some cause or other; and has offered to bet the whole school that it will turn out to be a senior."

"Does he, though?" cried Yorke, looking puzzled. "Bywater's a cautious fellow with his money; he never bets at random. I say, sir, what else did Galloway tell you?"

"That was all," replied Mr. Galloway.—And, if you wonder at a staid old proctor chattering over this desultory news with his clerks in business hours, it may be explained to you that Mr. Galloway took the greatest possible interest, almost a boyish interest, in the college school. It was where he had been educated himself; where his nephews were being educated; he was on intimate terms with its masters; knew every boy in it to speak to; watched them troop past his house idly on their progress to and fro; watched them in their surplices on a Sunday—during morning and afternoon service; was cognizant of their advancement, their shortcomings, their merits, and their scrapes; in fact, the head master could not take a greater interest in the doings of the collegiate school than did Mr. Galloway. Whether of work, or whether of gossip, his ears were ever open to listen to its records. Besides, they were not so overburthened with work in that office, but what there was ample time for discussing any news that might be agreeable to its master. His work was light; his returns were heavy; his stewardship alone brought him in several hundreds a year.

"The Reverend Mr. Pye seems uncommonly annoyed about it, sir," Mr. Jenkins ventured to put in. To interrupt, or take part in any conversation, was not usual with him, unless he could communicate little bits of information touching the passing topic. "You are aware that Mr. Harper, the lay clerk, lodges at our house, sir. Well, Mr. Pye came round last night, especially to question him about it."

"What could Harper tell?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"He could not tell anything, except that he would answer for the lay clerks knowing nothing of the transaction. The master said he never supposed the lay clerks did know anything of it, but he had his reasons for putting the question. He had been to the masons, too, who are repairing the cathedral; and they declared to the master, one and all, that they had not been into the vestry yesterday, or even round to that side of the college where the vestry is situated.

"Why should the master take it up so pertinaciously?" wondered Roland Yorke.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. He was like one in a fever, so excited over it, Harper said."

"Did he talk to you about it, Jenkins?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"I did not see him, sir; it was Harper told me afterwards," was the reply of Mr. Jenkins, as he subsided to his writing again.

Just at this juncture, who should come in view of the window but the head master himself? He was passing it with a quick step, when out flew Mr. Galloway, and caught him by the button. Roland Yorke, who was ever glad of a pretext for idleness, rose from his stool, and pushed his nose close upon the nearest pane, to listen to any colloquy that might ensue; but, the window being open, he might have heard without quitting his seat.

"I hear the boys have not got holiday today, I've," began Mr. Galloway.

"No, that they have not," emphatically pronounced the master; "and, if they go on as they seem to be going on now, I'll keep them without it for a twelvemonth. I believe the inking of that surplice was a concocted plan, look you, Galloway, to—"

"To what?" asked Mr. Galloway, for the master stopped short.

"Never mind, just yet. I have my strong suspicions, as to the guilty boy, and I am doing what I can to convert them into proofs. If it be as I suspect now, I shall expel him."

"But what could it have been done for?" debated Mr. Galloway. "There's no point in the thing, that I can see, to ink and damage a surplice. If the boy to whom it belonged had been inked, one might not have wondered so much."

"I'll 'point' him," cried the master, "if I catch hold of the right one."

"Could it have been one of the seniors?" returned the proctor, all his strong interest awakened.

"It was one who ought to have known better," evasively returned the master. "I can't stop to talk now, Galloway. I have an errand to do, and must be back for duty at ten."

He marched off quickly, and Mr. Galloway came in-doors again.

"Is that the way you get on with your business, Mr. Yorke?"

Yorke clattered back to his desk.

"I'll get on with it, sir. I was listening to what the master said."

"It does not concern you what he said. It was not one of your brothers who did it, I suppose."

"No, that it was not," haughtily spoke Roland Yorke, drawing up his head, with a proud, fierce gesture.

Mr. Galloway withdrew to his private room, and for a few minutes silence supervened—nothing was to be heard but the scratching of pens; but Roland Yorke, who had a great antipathy to steady work, and as great a love of his own tongue, soon began again."

"I say, Channing, what an awful blow the dropping of that expected money must be for you fellows! I'm blest if I didn't dream of it last night! So, if it spoilt my rest, what must it have done by yours?"

"Why, how could you have heard of last night?" exclaimed Arthur, in surprise—"I don't think a soul came to our house to hear the news, except Mr. Yorke; and you were not likely to see him. It is in everybody's mouth this morning."

"I had it from Hamish. He came to the party at the Knivetts. Didn't Hamish get taken in!" laughed Roland. "He understood it was quite a ladies' affair, and dressed up to the nines, and there he found only a bachelor gathering of Dick's. Hamish was disappointed, I think; he fancied he was going to meet Ellen Huntley; an glum enough he looked—"

"He had but just heard the news of the loss," interrupted Arthur. "Enough to make him look glum."

"Tell that to your grandmother! It wasn't that. He announced to us at once that the money was gone for good and all, and laughed over it, and said there were worse disasters at sea. Knivett said he never saw a fellow carry ill news off with so high a hand. Had he been proclaiming the accession of a fortune, instead of the loss of one, he could not have been more carelessly cheerful. Channing, what on earth shall you do about your articles?"

A question that caused the greatest pain, especially when put by Roland Yorke: and Arthur's sensitive face flushed keenly.

"You'll have to stop as a paid clerk all your life. Jenkins, you'll get him for your bosom companion if you look sharp and make friends," cried Roland, laughing loudly.

"No, sir, I don't think Mr. Arthur Channing is likely to become a paid clerk," said Jenkins.

"Not likely to become a paid clerk! why he is it. If he is not one, I'd like to know who is. Channing, you know you are nothing else."

"I may be something else in time," quietly replied Arthur, who knew how to control his rebellious spirit.

"I say, what a rum go it is about that surplice!" exclaimed Roland Yorke, dashing into another topic. "It's not exactly the mischief itself that's rum, but the master seems to be making so much stir and mystery over it! And then the hint at the seniors! They must mean Huntley."

"I don't know who they *mean*," said Arthur, "but I am sure Huntley never did it. He is too open, too honorable—"

"And do you pretend to say that Tom Channing and my brother Ger are not honorable?" fiercely interrupted Roland Yorke.

"There you go, Yorke; jumping to conclusions. It is not to be credited that any one of the seniors did it; still less, if they had done it, that they would not acknowledge it. They are all boys of truth and honor, so far as I believe. Huntley, I am sure, is."

"And of Tom also I conclude you feel sure?"

"Yes, I do."

"And I am sure of Ger Yorke. So if the master is directing his suspicions to the seniors, he'll get floored. It's odd what can have turned it upon them."

"I don't think the master suspects the seniors," said Arthur; "he called them to his aid."

"You heard what he but now said to Galloway. Jenkins, there's a knock at the door."

Jenkins went to open it, came back, and said Mr. Yorke was wanted.

Roland lazily proceeded to the outer passage, and, when he saw who was standing there, put himself into a passion.

"What do you mean by presuming to come to me here?" he haughtily asked.

"Well, sir, perhaps you'll tell me where I am to come, so as to get to see you?" civilly replied the applicant, one who bore the appearance of a tradesman. "It seems it's of no use going to your house; if I went ten times a day, I should get the same answer—that you are not at home."

"Just take yourself off," said Roland.

"Not till you pay me; or tell me for certain when you will pay me, and keep your promise. I want my money, sir, and I must have it."

"We want a great many things that we can't get," returned Roland, in a provokingly light tone. "I'll pay you as soon as I can, man; you needn't be afraid."

"I'm not exactly afraid," spoke the man. "I suppose, if it came to the put-to, Lady Augusta would see that I got the money."

"You hold your tongue about Lady Augusta. What's Lady Augusta to you? Any odds and ends that I may owe, have nothing to do with Lady Augusta. Look, here, Simms, I'll pay you next week."

"You have said that so many times, Mr. Yorke."

"At any rate, I'll pay you part of it next week, if I can't the whole. I will, upon my honor. There! now you know that I shall keep my word."

Apparently satisfied, the man departed, and Roland lounged into the office again with the same idle movements that he had quitted it.

"It was that confounded Simms," grumbled he. "Jenkins, why did you say I was in?"

"You did not tell me to say contrary, sir. He came yesterday, but you were out then."

"What does he want?" asked Arthur.

"Wanted me to pay him a trifle I owe; but it's not convenient to do it till next week. What a terrestrial Eden this lower world might be, if debt had never been invented!"

"You need not get into debt," said Arthur. "It is not obligatory."

"One *might* build a mud hut outside the town walls, and shut one's-self up in it, and eat herbs for dinner, and sleep upon rushes, and turn hermit for good!" retorted Roland. "*You* need not talk about debt, Channing."

"I don't owe much," said Arthur, noting the significance of Yorke's concluding sentence.

"If you don't, somebody else does."

"Who?"

"Ask Hamish."

Arthur went on writing with a sinking heart. There was an under current of fear running within him—had been for some time—that Hamish did owe money on his own private score. But this allusion to it was not pleasant.

"How much do you owe?" went on Roland.

Oh, a twenty-pound note would pay my debts, and leave me something out of it," said Arthur, in a joking tone. The fact was, that he did not owe a shilling to anybody.

"Jenkins, do you know what I am to set about next?" he continued, "I have filled in this lease."

Jenkins was beginning to look amidst some papers at his elbow, in answer to the appeal; but at that moment Mr. Galloway entered, and dispatched Arthur to get a cheque cashed at the bank.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COTTON AND ITS WORSHIPPERS.—The Richmond Congress is puzzled what to do about cotton. Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, proposes to make it a criminal offence for a planter to grow more than three bales for his family and one bale for each of his field hands. He thought that without some strict prohibitions, "a large class of grasping Shylocks" (southern planters and gentlemen called Shylocks!) would certainly go on planting cotton in the hope to make a great profit.

It is a curious comment on the loud rebel professions in favor of free trade and state rights, that Mr. Brown's resolution, levying a tax of forty dollars per bale on all cotton grown beyond a certain amount—a flagrant interference with the course of trade, and, as Mr. Hunter remarked, an unconstitutional interference with the states—received in the confederate Senate nine votes out of twenty, counting the mover, who did not vote.

Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, said, in the course of debate, that he "had long since abandoned the idea that cotton is king. We have tested the powers of king cotton and found him wanting." Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina, seemed of a similar opinion. He said—"We must have a monopoly of the market. We begin to find out that we have not a monopoly; that cotton can be produced elsewhere."

The rebels are evidently becoming awake to the fact that cotton is not the only great interest in the civilized world.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—A ditch seventeen feet deep by three wide, dug across Independence Square to perfect its drainage, utterly unprotected against caving in by any "shoring," whatever, and with a high mound of earth upon its margin, caved in on the 4th, burying alive two laborers working at the bottom of the pit. Thirty-five minutes elapsed before the bodies could be reached, when life was wholly extinct. The bodies were in the attitude of digging, the dead hands of one of the men still holding the spade in his gripe. A third man barely escaped. The names of the men were Thomas McCabe and Thomas Carberry. Both have families, the latter leaving eight small children.

NEWS ITEMS.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—Governor Sprague and the rest of the present incumbents of the State offices, were re-elected on the 2nd without opposition. The vote was light, only about 11,000 ballots being cast.—The General Assembly is divided, politically, very nearly as it was last year. The Democrats and Constitutional Union party have a majority, in grand committee, of about 30.

OUR LOSS IN THE WINCHESTER BATTLE.—The Federal loss at the Winchester battle was heavier than previously reported. A correspondent of the New York Herald says the report of Acting Brigadier General Kimball to General Shields gives the total loss as follows:—Killed, 132; wounded, 540; missing, 46. Total, 718.

THE regulation requiring permits or passes to cross the Potomac has been annulled, after having been in force nearly a year. Its abrogation causes general rejoicing, particularly among business people.

IT is stated by the agent of a large manufacturing firm of Rhode Island that a method has been devised whereby flax may be substituted for cotton.

A LARGE quantity of cotton seed, which has been obtained in Tennessee, is now at Paducah, whence it is to be distributed to the State Agricultural Societies of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Other northwestern states will soon be furnished as above. Orders have been given for getting cotton seed from North Carolina.

JOHN JANNEY, Esq., of Loudoun county, Virginia, was elected as a Union man President of the Virginia Convention, which subsequently passed the ordinance of secession. Since the adjournment of that Convention, he has not been identified with the secession movement, and doubtless voted against the secession of the state. He has voluntarily come forth and taken the oath of allegiance.

THE commission to examine the cases of civilians confined in forts and prisons on the charge of disloyalty, it is intimated, find the evidence in almost every case of a very serious character, fully warranting the arrests.

FROM Norfolk, we learn that the Merrimac is only waiting for ammunition, when she will come out again. She will be accompanied by the Yorktown and Jamestown, and one of Maury's "infernal" machines.

IT is said that Gen. Wise is not in good odor at Richmond, and he has retired to his farm. All award bravery to O. Jennings Wise, but his father has so fallen in public estimation, that he is proclaimed on the streets of Norfolk a coward and a poltroon! In his escape from Nagg's Head, he rode 30 miles on horseback, notwithstanding he had previously reported himself too ill to remain on Roanoke Island at the head of his command.

THE Memphis Avalanche of the 18th, says Gen. Lee has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army. The report that the appointment had been conferred on Beauregard is untrue.

RAIN IN CALIFORNIA.—A rain guage carefully kept and registered by Dr. Snell, of Sonora, Tuolumne county, shows that from the 11th of November, 1861, to the 14th day of January, 1862, seventy-two inches of water fell at that place.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—It is stated that Capt. Slaymaker, of the Iowa Second, and formerly of York county, Pa., came to his death at the battle of Fort Donelson in a singular manner. A bullet struck his pocket knife in his left pocket, shivered it to pieces, and drove the blade into his body, so that it, and not the bullet, severed the artery, the rupture of which caused his death. Pieces of the knife were found in his wallet.

LIEUT. HENNE, of Company F, 12th Missouri, who had lost his left arm in the Hungarian war, was struck in the battle of Pea Ridge by a cannon ball, which carried away his right leg. He was carried off the field, and when passing General Curtis, the heroic sufferer waved his hand to the General, while his face was wreathed in smiles, as if forgetful of his sufferings in the exultation of approaching victory.

JOHN BROWN'S SON.—A letter from Winchester, Va., of March 15th, contains the following paragraph:

"In the Medical College here, is preserved the body of John Brown's son, killed at Harper's Ferry, first skinned, and only the frame and muscles retained. It stands at full-length in one corner of the Museum, labelled 'John Brown's son—thus always with abolitionists.'"—*Exchange Paper.*

THE TAX BILL.—Newspapers which have a circulation of less than two thousand copies, or an advertising patronage of less than $1,000 per annum, are exempt from taxation. Thus, nearly all country newspapers will escape the proposed duty. Three per cent. of the advertising receipts of all journals not thus exonerated is to be paid to the Government.

THE municipal election, held in Milwaukie on the 3rd, resulted in the success of the Democratic candidate for Mayor, and nearly the entire Democratic ticket.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO LIEUTENANT WORDEN.—The warm and generous sympathies of President Lincoln are well illustrated in the following extract of a private letter from Lieutenant Wise, the friend of Lieutenant Worden, commander of the Monitor:—

"That night I left the Fortress and got Worden safe home in Washington city, when, leaving him to the care of my wife, I went with the Secretary to the President, and gave him the particulars of the engagement. As soon as I had done, Mr. Lincoln said, 'Gentlemen, I am going to shake hands with that man,' and presently he walked round with me to our little house. I led him up stairs to the room where Worden was laying with fresh bandages over his scorched eyes and face, and said, 'Jack, here's the President, who has come to see you.' He raised himself on his elbow, as Mr. Lincoln took him by the hand, and said, 'You do me great honor, Mr. President, and I am only sorry that I can't see you.' The President was visibly affected, as, with tall frame and earnest gaze he bent over his wounded subordinate; but after a pause, he said, with a quiver in the tones of his voice, 'You have done *me more* honor, sir, than I can ever do to you.' He then sat down while Worden gave him an account of the battle, and on leaving, he promised, if he could legally do so, that he would make him a captain."

REVIVAL IN A REGIMENT.—The Sixty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Alexander Hays, now in service at the South, has had quite a revival of religion. Most of the members are from Pittsburg. A correspondent thus describes taking the sacrament:—"A small, rude table was used; common bread, wine made of grape jelly and water, and two glasses were placed in the centre. Our tents were lighted by three candles, swung from the centre. Familiar words were well sung. A few introductory remarks and a prayer, then eight stalwart soldiers kneeled around the table and were baptized; the bread and wine were then passed to communicants; even outside the tents all eager to obey the command, 'This do, in remembrance of Me.' Everybody was weeping; twenty-nine joined on profession; the whole membership now being one hundred and eighty-eight. We had sweet singing while Elder Danks (captain) and myself distributed the sacramental elements."

THE BULL RUN DEFEAT.

We find the following going the rounds:—

The investigations of the Committee on the Conduct of the War have resulted in settling the question as to the responsibility for the Bull Run defeat. Gen. Scott's orders to Patterson are conclusive. The most important are dated July 12 and 17.

The one of July 13 informed Gen. Patterson that Gen. McDowell would attack Manassas on the 17th, and instructed Gen. Patterson to take care of Johnston and his rebel army. It also advised him that the time of the three-months' men was nearly out, and was then valuable, and ordering him, if the three-months' men would not stand by him, that he should intrench himself and hold his position until re-enforced, but not to retreat to the Maryland shore. He was instructed to watch Johnston closely.

On the 17th, Gen. Scott instructed Gen. Patterson that Gen. McDowell's first day's work had driven the enemy beyond Fairfax Court-House, and ordered that Gen. Patterson should see that Gen. Johnston did not amuse him with a small force in front while he reinforced Beauregard at Manassas with his main body. Gen. Patterson was instructed that if Johnston commenced to retreat he should attack him, and was reminded that he had a force superior in number to Johnston's; and if he did not attack the rebels and follow them, to march directly by forced marches by Leesburg to join Gen. McDowell.

In these orders General Scott complained of Gen. Patterson's not writing or telegraphing to him, but leaving him to hear of his movements through newspapers.

MORTAR FIRING.

THE EFFECT ON A REPORTER "SITTING ON A RAIL."—The effect of mortar explosions are very peculiar. Forward of the mortar, it would be almost impossible for a human being to endure the tremendous concussion. Aft of it, however, the sound is rather exhilarating than otherwise, and not half so hard to endure as the sharp, snappish report of a brass field piece. During the general engagement on Monday, the 17th, I had a position upon a rail fence, about five rods behind a mortar. Before it had been fired many times, I found myself entertaining a sort of jubilant excitement over the thunder-music, and impatient of the delays intervening between reports. The same feelings seemed to inspire the red-capped mortar men, who took a savage delight in the immense volume of sound, parallel with their cagerness to watch the effect of the shell.

BIG YARNS.—At the side, or in front of the mortar, however, the effects are not so pleasant, everything material having an insane tendency to rush forward and fill the huge vacuum occasioned by the explosion. Wearing apparel, ammunition, and the boat utensils—in fact, everything, starts in a bee line for the bore of the mortar. Upon one occasion, immediately after the discharge of mortar 27, a button flew from a coat directly into the bore, whence, a second before, the ponderous shell hustled into the air. A more notable instance was this:—The steamer Wilson drew alongside a mortar just as it was discharged. The concussion started joints in the steam-pipe, and drew the rivets in the boiler, to that degree, that the imprisoned steam hissed from a hundred places, rendering immediate repairs necessary. Although the sound is comparatively slight—that is taking into account its real immensity—the genuine effects are felt more keenly. At Cairo, sixty miles distant, the reports are heard distinctly, and a vibration of the earth is felt, while at Columbus, houses are shaken, glasses rattled, and the reports seem but a very few yards away. The shells weigh 225 pounds.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IT WAS HIS BROTHER.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, speaking of the capture of Fort Donelson, says:—

"Col. Kinney, of the Fifty-sixth Ohio, related to him one of those strange and melancholy incidents which the fortunes of war sometimes bring to pass. As he was riding along the breastworks a day or two after the surrender, and while many of the dead were still unburied, he observed, before him, a private in his regiment named Bowman, strolling along. As he came up he noticed the latter suddenly start back, as if transfixed at the sight of a body before him. Approaching him, the Colonel asked him what surprised him, and added that he supposed he would have become accustomed to seeing dead bodies by this time. Turning to his inquirer, with an expression on his countenance such as only a discovery like this could produce, and pointing to the body, he replied: 'Colonel! *That is my brother!*' His brother had been a resident of Tennessee, and joined the rebel army, but he had no knowledge of his whereabouts, or thought of his being one of the victims of the bloody conflict, until he thus accidentally stumbled across his dead body. Procuring a blanket, and the assistance of some comrades, he wrapped him in it and buried him on the spot where he had fallen."

THE WOMAN IN THE CARS.

I recently met with an adventure on one of the Sixth Avenue cars, of which I think your readers ought to be informed, for I wish very much to know whether their verdict is, "Served her right," or "Served her wrong." The car was quite filled, most of the passengers being gentlemen, who were returning to their homes, fatigued with toils of the day. When part of the way up town a young lady (?) bounded with elastic step into the car, and looked around as much as to say, "Is nobody going to rise and give me a seat?" A young gentleman, who had been reading his evening paper, rose and offered her his seat. She took it, without even a nod of acknowledgment, and with an air that said as distinctly as words could have expressed it, "Why didn't you get up and give it to me sooner?" The young gentleman stood for a few moments, and at length said, very politely, to her, "Madam, would you have the goodness to rise?" Supposing he had left something on the cushion, she rose, and he very deliberately took possession, saying—"Madam, if the seat is not worth a thank-you, it is not worth having," and resumed the reading of his newspaper.—*New York Observer.*

GEN. CURTIS'S ORDER RELATIVE TO TWO CONTRABANDS.—Gen. Curtis recently issued the following special order:—

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, March 26th, 1862.

"Charles Morton, Hamilton Kennedy, and Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves, employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and, not being needed for the public service, are permitted to pass the pickets of this command northward, without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of masters who allowed them to aid in their efforts to break up the Government and the laws of the country."

WE see it stated that the average of the money sent home by the Pennsylvania troops is fully twenty per cent. greater than that from any state, except probably Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont.

A BALL STOPPED BY A BALL.

A day or two ago, a few of the officers and feminine nurses in a *transport*, near Island number Ten, were, by way of killing time and care, dancing, when a shot from the rebel batteries struck just outside the boat; and, a few seconds after, a second near by on the shore.

The dangerous missiles fell too closely to produce pleasure unmixed with anxiety, and the Terpsichorean entertainment was suddenly stopped; the frightened women retreating to their state rooms, and refusing to waltz or quadrille any longer.

A ball had put an end to a ball.

The possibility of ghastly wounds drove the graceful muse out of their heads, and they had no idea of doing what the poor distraught Bianca declared she had been doing—dancing with the dead.

AN armed midnight boat expedition from Island No. 10, sent out by Commodore Foote, landed directly in front of the first battery of the rebels, who retreated and fired their muskets. Our force then landed, spiked six cannon and came away.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts are very light, and the market for Flour inactive and rather firmer; the sales only reach some 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots for shipment, at $5@5,12½ for common and good superfine; $5,25@5,75 for extras, the latter for choice Lancaster county; $5,87½@6,25 for low grade Western, and good Penna extra family; and $6,87½@6,25 for fancy Ohio, including 400 bbls Brandywine at $6,25, and 1500 bbls Western family on terms kept private. The trade have also been buying to a limited extent within the above range of prices for superfine, extras and extra family, and $6,50@7 ₽ bbl for high grade fancies. Rye Flour is arriving and selling slowly at $3,25 for standard, and $3,37½ ₽ bbl for better brands.—Corn Meal is but little inquired for and dull, Penna being offered at $2,75 ₽ bbl without finding buyers; 600 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering or selling. The demand for shipment has fallen off, and the market is unsettled, and 3@4c ₽ bus lower. Sales comprise about 40,000 bus, in lots, at $1,27@1,32 for fair to good and prime Western and Penna Reds; $1,31@1,33 for Jersey and Southern do, in store and afloat, closing dull at $1,28@1,30 for the former, in store and afloat, and White at $1,37@1,45, as in quality—Choice lots are scarce and held higher. Rye is unchanged, and Penna has been selling on arrival at 70c. Corn is firmer and more active, with sales of 50,000 bus, mostly Southern Yellow, at 54½c for prime dry lots afloat; 50@54c for damp do; 53@54c in store, and 50@60c for White, as in quality. Oats are dull and neglected, with further small sales of Penna at 34@36c, the latter for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt are quiet, and the former rather scarce.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in barreled meats and the market is dull and unsettled. Mess Pork is quoted at $13@13,50 with sales of 250 bbls Western at the former figures, and Mess Beef at $13@15 ₽ bbl for Western and city packed, and the demand limited. Of Bacon the sales are also limited and prices nearly nominal at 5@9c for plain and fancy Hams; 6@6¾c for Sides, and 5@5¾ for Shoulders, cash and time. Green meats move off as wanted at 5@6¼c for Hams, in salt and pickle, 4@4½c for Shoulders, and 5@5¼c for Sides in salt, cash and time, and the latter more inquired for. 250 boxes Shoulders sold for export at 4½c. Lard is also better with sales of 1200 packages at 7½@8¼c for tcs and bbls, cash and short time, the latter for prime Western tcs; kegs range at 8¾@9c, as in quality. Butter is better and the demand is fair at 8@9c for packed, and 18@19c for roll, which is an advance. Cheese moves off as wanted at 6¾@7¼c for Western and New York. Eggs are lower, selling at 11c ₽ doz.

COTTON—The stock on sale is very much reduced and holders firm in their views; the sales continued to a few small lots taken within the range of 22@23c for ordinary to middling quality, cash.

ASHES—Both kinds continue quiet, with a small business only to note at quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, and for Quercitron the demand is good at fully former rates, with sales of about 100 hhds in lots, on arrival, at $33,50 ₽ ton for No 1. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $12@13 ₽ cord.

BEESWAX is scarce, and held above the views of buyers, who are not offering more than 31@32c for good yellow.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, and the market has been quite active this week. Prices are without alteration.

COFFEE—The market continues almost at a stand still, and prices are unsettled and irregular, with sales of some 600 bags only to note, in small lots, at 18@21c for Rio, and 21@21¾c for Laguayra, on time, mostly of the former.

COPPER is dull and drooping, with little or nothing doing in Sheathing. Of Yellow Metal sales are reported at 24c, on time, which is a decline.

FEATHERS are in better demand, good Western selling in lots as wanted at 38@38c ₽ lb.

FRUIT—The demand is limited, and the market rather quiet at 5¼@7c for Dried Apples, and 6@9c ₽ lb for unpared Peaches. Green Apples and Cranberries are scarce, the season for both being about over, with sales of the former at $3@5 ₽ bbl.

HEMP is quiet, and prices about the same, with a few small sales of Western, on terms kept private. The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business only to note at 17@20c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is not much doing in pig metal, and rather more disposition on the part of some makers to sell, and about 2000 tons Anthracite found buyers at $22 for No 1, and $21 for No 2, on time. Other kinds are quiet. Of manufactured Iron prices are firm.

LEAD—The market remains inactive, with little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

LUMBER is beginning to arrive from the interior, and there is more activity in the market for most kinds, the building season having opened favorably. Sales as yet are mostly confined to Yellow Sap Boards at $14@15 ₽ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but quiet, with further sales of 500 hhds at 22@24c for Cuba, 27@30c for Muscovado, and Syrup, in lots, at 25@30c, on time.

PLASTER—Several cargoes have been taken, to arrive, on terms kept private.

RICE is quiet. There is very little Carolina here, and we quote it nominally at 7@7¾c ₽ lb. East India is held at 6¼@6¾c, and the demand very moderate.

SEEDS—There is not much Clovereed offering, and some 2500 bus found buyers, mostly in small lots, at $5¼@6¼ ₽ bus, the latter for prime, and some common at $4¼@5. Timothy is dull at $2@2¼, and domestic Flaxseed scarce, and selling at $2,10@2,15 ₽ bus. Of Red Top, further sales are reported at $2¼@2½ ₽ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue quiet but firm at about previous rates. N E Rum is selling slowly at 36@ 37c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, bbls selling slowly at 24@24½c, and drudge at 22@23½c.

SUGARS—The market is firmer and more active this week, with sales of about 1700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 6¼@7¾c, including some small lots Porto Rico at 7¼@8¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is in steady demand, with further sales of city at 9c, and country rendered at 8¼@8½c.

TOBACCO—The market is unsettled and dull, with but little movement in the way of sales.

WOOL—The market is very quiet, and prices are unsettled. The stock of low grade Wool is small, but of fine, the supply, both here and at the East, is large for the season, and the demand for all kinds very light. A few small lots domestic and foreign only have changed hands at irregular rates, including one at 50c net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1129 head. Prices varying from 8 to 9c ₽ lb. 60 Cows were sold at from $20 to 40 ₽ head. 4250 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $5,25 to 5,75 ₽ cwt nett. 1380 Hogs brought from $5,75 to 6 ₽ cwt.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Tuckerton, New Jersey, on the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Miller, JACOB IRELAND, to URSULA AMANDA, daughter of the late Ephraim S. Sawyer, M. D.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ALFRED MILES, to Miss MARY ANN LUNON.

At Christ Church, Jan. 19th, 1862, by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, W. H. BASSETT, of Wilmington, Del. to MARTHA A. MALLON, of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. MARSHAL H. HOLMES, of Washington city, D. C. to Miss W. ANNE EDWARDS, of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN MCGARRIGLE, to Miss AMANDA REDIFER, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. Beggs, Mr. WILLIAM T. BICKINGS, to Miss AMANDA GABEL, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. James Seddon, Mr. JOSHUA N. MOORE, to Miss MARY A. MILES, both of this city.

On the 17th of Jan. by the Rev. F. S. Robbins, Mr. FREDERICK F. SNYDER, to Miss MARY MCCULLY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of April 1st, LAWRENCE PETERSON, aged 46 years. The *Philada. Evening Bulletin* of the 2d, says:—

We learn with sincere sorrow that Lawrence Peterson, Esq., of the firm of Yard, Gilmore & Co., of this city, died last night at his residence in Girard Avenue. Mr. Peterson was a gentleman of great intelligence and high character, and he was an honored and honorable representative of the mercantile community of Philadelphia. He was retiring and modest in his disposition; but his family and his numerous friends knew his nobleness and purity of character, and we are sure that the death of no citizen could be more generally and more deeply mourned.

On Monday evening, March 31st, of apoplexy, Mr. JOHN M. COLEMAN, in his 64th year.

On the morning of the 2d instant, THOMAS ALMAN, Sr. in his 83d year.

In Haddonfield, N. J. on the morning of the 2d instant, SARAH CLEMENT, in her 81st year.

On the afternoon of the 31st ultimo, JOHN FITZSIMMONS, Sr. in his 69th year.

On the morning of the 29th ultimo, Mr. T. B. ASHBURNER, in his 39th year.

On the evening of the 27th ultimo, of disease of the heart, JAMES BIRR, aged 58 years.

On the morning of April 1st, HARRIET MARIA, wife of Com. Robt. F. Stockton, and daughter of the late John Potter, of Princeton, N. J., in her 61st year.

On the 1st instant, JACOB MILLER, in his 35th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 5, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	3 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1½ dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 30 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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ANECDOTES.

Amusing Punishment.—Years ago Lewis Holt kept a railroad refreshment stand at the station at Attica, on the road running west. He had a way which men of his persuasion have, not altogether abandoned, of taking the money of passengers, sweeping it into his drawer, and fumbling after the change till the cars were *off*, when the passenger would have to run and leave his money. Charlie Dean stepped out of the cars there one day, took a "ginger pop," price six cents, laid down a quarter, which Holt dropped into his till, and went hunting to get out the change. Away went the cars, and Charlie jumped on without his change; but he had time to read the name of Lewis Holt over the door, and, making a note of it, rode on.

Postage was high in those days, and was not required in advance. From Buffalo he wrote a letter to Holt—"Sell foam at twenty-five cents a glass, will you?" Holt paid ten cents on this letter, and ten more on one from Detroit, and twenty-five on another from St. Louis, and for two or three years he kept getting letters from his unknown customer, and would have got more to this day, but for the law requiring postage to be paid in advance. He had to pay two or three dollars in postage before the letters ceased to come, and as they were always directed in a new handwriting, he hoped each one was of more importance than the ones before. If he of Attica reads this in the Drawer he will find for the first time why he was so punished, and by whom.

Advantages of Buying Goods on a Credit.—We never understood the advantage of the credit system till we got the follow story from a Wisconsin contributor:—

"In one of the interior villages of this state is a tavern-keeper, and in the same place an honest old German blacksmith, of whom the former relates that he employed him to do some iron work, and paid him cash for it at the time, but afterward learning that a neighbor had some similar work done on *time* for a less price, he inquired the reason therefore, and the reply was as follows:

"'You zee I 'ave zo much scharge on my book, and I sometimes lose um, and zo ven I 'ave a goot cash customer I charge goot price, but ven I puts it on my book I do not like to scharge zo much, zo if he never pay um I no lose zo much.'"

Banking.—A correspondent in Wisconsin says he arrived out there from the East just after the suspension of specie payments, and gold and silver were not to be seen, and were known only as curiosities of a former and almost forgotten period. He had *one dime* left, and when it became known that he had this amount he was waited upon by a committee of citizens, who desired to secure it as a *specie basis* for a new bank they were about to start.

A Significant Gesture.—In the Supreme Court-room there are two niches in the wall—one occupied by a bust of the late Judge Wilde, the other to be occupied by some eminent lawyer who shall hereafter go to the court of last resort. During a law argument, when one of the counsel was weakly elaborating some weaker points, the Judge slowly rose, looked at the bust of the late Judge, then at the empty niche, then over and under his spectacles at the counsel; and after glancing back and forth from the counsel to the bust and then to the vacant niche, gravely and sadly shook his head and sat down. The spectators needed no farther exposition of the Chief's opinion of the counsel's argument.—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Powerful Balsam.—A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation for his, the manufacturer's, "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:—"Dear Sir:—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor, that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into firewood and piled up symmetrically in my back-yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach-trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son, drew him out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

Better Than a Man.—It is well known that all ladies have an intense admiration for a sewing machine, and that their delight in the possession of one, calls out enthusiastic terms of praise. A lady called at a sewing machine agency to purchase, and inquiring for some one who had a machine of whom she could learn of its merits, was, among others, referred to a lady then present, a quiet, demure looking maiden lady. Upon being questioned, this individual at first replied with modest reserve, but finally the all absorbing delight every sewing machine proprietress inevitably feels, got the better of her diffidence, and she warmly eulogized the object of the inquiry; and finally her eyes brightened, her cheek grew rosy, and she sprang to her feet, and with an energetic voice said: "Like my sewing machine? to be sure I do! Why, *I wouldn't begin to exchange it for a man!*"—*Portage Co. Democrat.*

A Shrewd Irishman.—An Irish priest was seen standing at the corner of one of the squares in London, about the hour of dinner. One of his countrymen observing the worthy father in perplexity, addressed him—

"Oh! Father O'Leary, how is your rivirince?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! who'd put out your rivirince?"

"Ah! you don't understand; this is just it—I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now its seven o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry; "just now be aisy, your rivirince, I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired, "Is Father O'Leary here?" As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed—

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoilt. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest—

"All right, your honor's rivirince; you dine at 48, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your rivirince; I have got your malady, I only wish I had your remedy."

A CORDIAL FORM OF INVITATION.

Secretly-Adored One's Papa.—"Well, my dear young friend, I suppose you *won't* come in and eat your Sunday dinner with us, hey? So I'll wish you good bye—many thanks for coming so far—"

THE WORSE THE BETTER.

Sometimes this paradox is true of great public calamities. The fire of London, in the year 1666, burned down five-sixths of the city, covered with ruins a space more than a mile long and half a mile broad, and destroyed property worth from ten to twelve milions sterling. To many individuals that catastrophe was commercial destruction; but it is now tolerably clear that no piece of good-fortune that ever gladdened the hearts of the citizens was of so great and valuable service as that furious fire. The city was soon rebuilt, not exactly in the best style possible, but in a style that was a great improvement upon the previous state of things; the streets were not made wide enough, but they were made wider than they had been before; and instead of the mean and wretched hovels of lath-and-plaster, which had been such ready fuel for the flames, substantial houses of brick were erected, which rendered the occurrence of anything like so great a calamity all but impossible. But this was not the only advantage; the city, as reconstructed, was much more healthy than it had ever been before. In the very year before the fire the Plague destroyed nearly one-third of the inhabitants; from that time until the present day the Plague has been all but unknown in London. Had no such conflagration occurred, it is difficult to imagine how a great and thorough improvement of the metropolis would ever have been effected; and had the fire been confined within a small area no large improvement would have resulted. The fact is, that the great fire of 1666 was just exactly what London wanted to save it from becoming the most inconvenient and most pestilential city in Europe, if not in the world.

And what the great fire did for London, cholera has done for many other towns. This frightful malady has been a very useful teacher. In many of the places that were almost decimated by it we have learned to adopt sanitary measures, and so have considerably raised the value of life, and prolonged its average duration. If the cholera had not been severe, and the deaths from it frightfully sudden, as well as very numerous, we should have gone on temporizing and dawdling, thinking about expenses, and no great reform would ever have been attempted; the streets would have remained imperfectly sewered, or not sewered at all; houses would still have been crowded with people from the cellar to the garret. Happily the cholera struck hard, and struck people of every class, and thus thoroughly frightened us, and compelled us to make our towns more cleanly. The work is not effectually done yet, and therefore it will not be a matter greatly to be deplored if cholera, or some other pestilence, should again give us the admonition that we need, and teach us once more that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

I do not know but that even to a railway accident we might apply this paradox, and say, "the worse it is the better." On the thousands of miles of railway in Great Britain, a fatal accident is unhappily a very common occurrence; and accidents on a small scale, though in the aggregate, fatal to large numbers, do not attract much attention. But if a severe collision or break-down took place, involving the deaths of two or three hundred persons, then the public feeling would be so mightily aroused that inquiries would be stimulated to the most extraordinary exertions to make railway travelling as safe as it is expeditious. The more severely the necessity for increasing security is felt, the more likely are those inventions which will produce it to be forthcoming.

Of many a political injustice and abuse, we may say "the worse the better." Things must, generally, become very bad indeed before anything is likely to be done to cure them. It was the Old Sarums that stirred us up to Reform; and it is, to a great extent, the fact that there are no Old Sarums now, that renders it impossible, at all events difficult, to get up a Reform agitation at the present time. Small grievances people will endure, without much impatience, from one generation to another; but get a grievance that is a grievance indeed, and then see how things will go! Had the Stuarts been a little more moderate than they were, they might have retained the throne, and prolonged, for some time at least, much of their despotic power. Happily they had not good sense enough to temper their administration with mildness; happily James II. was a thorough-going tyrant, and to that Prince's bad qualities, as much perhaps as to the virtues of the Prince of Orange, we owe the Revolution of 1688. Indeed, as confirmatory of the paradox which I am endeavoring to illustrate, history reveals cases of which it *must* be said—"the better the worse." "Evil for evil," says John Stuart Mill, in his Considerations on Representative Government—"a good despotism in a country at all advanced in civilization, is more noxious than a bad one; for it is far more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings, and energies of the people. The despotism of Augustus prepared the Romans for the despotism of Tiberius. If the whole tone of their character had not been prostrated by nearly two generations of that mild slavery, they would probably have had spirit enough left to rebel against the more odious one."—*English Journal.*

STANZAS.

Gentle zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my lovely fair,
Softly whisper, "You're a sigh,"
But do not tell whose sigh you are.

Liquid streamlet, should my dear
Cross your current as you flow,
Murmuring tell her, "You're a tear,"
But not whose eyes have swoln you so.

A HIT AT THE MUSCLE MANIA.

In most of the popular frenzies on the connection of mind and body, some pieces of successful treatment of diseases is seized upon and held up as the legitimate system to be pursued in health. Because a shower-bath occasionally gives to a disordered system the freshness and vivacity which it had forgotten, people tell you to take one every day, and that you will be sure to be fresh and alive. The experiment fails. Because a bon vivant gains spirits and energy when he cuts off half his luxurious dinner, Sylvester Graham tells him, virtually, that if he will give up the other half he will have twice as much spirit and energy. And in physical exercise, because a man works more lightly and happily after a walk, or other exercise, sufficient to promote digestion and renew appetite, we are told to work like Hercules in a gymnasium, and to walk like Captain Walker in the training ground.

All this is absurd. If a man wants to work with his mind, he only wastes food, time and life, by bringing his body up to the mark of a blacksmith's or a boxer's. He neither needs to run a mile in five-thirty, nor to lift six hundred pounds, nor to walk up to the house-top by the lightning-rod. He wants exercise enough to keep him in high spirits, good appetite, and that absolute health which almost forgets there is a body to be cared for. The truth is, that a prime condition of vivid intellectual labor is that one gives as little attention as is practicable to the tools with which he works. And just as the mower loses repute for mowing who is constantly setting his scythe anew, or stopping to sharpen it, and just as he advances more slowly than the more skillful workman who does not complain of his tools, the mental artisan who works lightly in the harness with which it has pleased God to clothe his spirit, advances with most success and most rapidity. It is folly to pretend there are no tools. It is folly to leave them rest in the meadow over night. It is folly to pretend there is no harness. It is folly to leave the harness without oiling it. But it is worse folly to spend all one's life in sharpening one's scythe, or in beautifying the traces or the collar.

Be Kind to Your Sisters.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of your ill temper or rudeness, how thoughtful they are for your comfort; and be you thoughtful of theirs.—Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never knew a happy, respectable man who was not in his youth kind to his sisters.

THE PROPHETIC EGG.

A great many years ago, before the introduction of steam navigation into the waters of Long Island Sound, Captain Thayer, whose name will be remembered by many of our readers as one of the pioneer captains in steamboat travel, commanded a sloop in the waters of Taunton River. One morning, being at the landing in Berkley, and having occasion to pass over to the other side, he entered a barn or shed where the boat's oars were kept, with which he was to cross.

While there a hen came cackling off the nest, having laid an egg. Being a practical joker, it occurred to him to operate a little on the superstitious inhabitants of that benighted town. He accordingly picked up the warm egg, and wrote on its susceptible shell with his pencil, "Woe to the town of Berkly," and replacing the egg, left the barn.

In due time the nest was cleared of its eggs, and the one bearing the inscription was discovered. The wonderful news was at once "telegraphed" from house to house through the town, and before night hundreds had journeyed to the spot to see for themselves. Consternation sat on every countenance, in view of the impending calamity which they were certain the phenomena denoted. It finally occurred to them to ask counsel of their pastor in this their hour of terror. Parson A——— was accordingly sent for, and arriving, the cause of alarm was made known to him, backed up by an exhibition of the egg. The parson examined it attentively, after which he laid it down, and for many minutes seemed lost in reflection. His parishioners thought they saw in this fresh cause for alarm, and one and another would ejaculate in hoarse whispers, "The Lord wrote it! The Lord wrote it!" At length the old man arose, as if to address them, and stretching himself to his full height, exclaimed,—"If the Lord wrote that, He didn't know how to spell Berkley!" and bidding them good day, walked off. Their eyes were opened, and they saw it at once, the trick of some clever wag, but it was not till some time afterwards that they found out the author to whom they ever after owed a grudge.

The Poison of the Toad.—The most deadly poison known to be used by the slaves in Brazil, is that of the toad. The skin of this reptile contains glands which secrete in abundance a milky, glutinous fluid when the toad is put to pain or irritated. This is scraped off and dried. It produces incurable obstruction and enlargement of the liver, and a speedy death. Some beat the toad with rods to make it secrete the venom; others place the creature in an earthen vessel over a slow fire.

Agricultural.

Root Cutter and Cleaner.—A writer in the Country Gentleman says:—

When potatoes are fed whole, or other roots are cut coarsely, the animal is obliged to hold its head so high to keep the root in contact with its teeth, that gravitation alone will pass it to the gullet, and ordinarily it will pass thence unmasticated, if not too large; but if cut properly and mixed with cut stalks, straw or hay, as they always should be, they will be eaten with the head down, as in eating grass, and consequently be more thoroughly masticated and mixed with other food, and all danger from choking is wholly avoided; hence the preventive that I have used for five years, he recommended to others to use, is, to cut up the vegetables as finely as possible with a good root cutter and cleaner.

The Culture of Cotton.—The New England Farmer, in reply to a correspondent, says, on the cotton culture:—"In the southern states, cotton seed is sown in rows commonly four to five feet apart, and eighteen inches apart in the rows. If the crop is kept clean and the soil light, it will be likely to flourish better. It ought to be sowed as early as it can be, and escape frost. Two or three plants in a hill or cluster is enough. If the plant grows rank, when it is up two or three feet high, cut off the top, as is sometimes done with the tomato, and this will throw the growth into the pod, and sensibly increase it."

IMPROVED HORSE STALLS.

The Germantown Telegraph contains the following description of a new plan for laying the floors of horse stalls. It appears to be an excellent one:—"It consists in making the horse stall floor level fore and aft, and with an obliquity of three-quarters of an inch from each side to the centre of the floor, where there is an opening made in the floor half an inch wide and six feet in length, or from a line of the back stall posts towards the manger six feet. The plank of the floor is laid crosswise of the stall, the plank being cut in two in the middle, and so laid that the ends are a half inch apart, thus forming the opening which I have described. This opening is provided for dropping the urine directly through the floor, instead of allowing it to flow on the floor from where it falls to the back end of the floor of the stall, thus wetting the greater portion of the floor, and when the horse lies down, wetting his body and clothing, and especially his *tail*; for there is generally no provision made for conveying the urine farther than the rear of the stall.

"I place a galvanized sheet iron urine gutter under the opening in the floor, which has obliquity in itself, the manger end being two inches deep, and the discharge end six inches deep. It discharges into a plank urine gutter six inches deep and ten inches wide, which runs along behind the stalls under the floor, and is carried by a loose floor plank, which may be taken up at pleasure and the gutter cleaned out. This gutter has a good descent, so that the urine is discharged from it, but some dirt and refuse will get into it through the narrow opening in the stall floor. All the attention that my arrangement requires daily, is just to pass the fork tines through the slat in the floor.

"Those who use my improvement say that the bedding will keep drier and cleaner for forty days than it will for four as ordinarily arranged. The iron gutter costs $1, and the wooden gutter behind the stalls and under the floor will cost about 75 cents per stall; otherwise this arrangement costs no more than the common way."

When to Plant Sorghum.—The Bucyrus (Ohio) Forum contains an article from the Rev. A. Myers, of that place, in which he states that the experience of forty persons of his acquaintance demonstrates that *early planting* is not practicable. "Of all the experiments from the last of April until the 10th of May, not one matured; those from the 10th of May until the 20th were ripe, or nearly so; and all, without exceptions, from the 20th of May until the 1st of June were perfectly matured, demonstrating, conclusively, that the latter part of May is the best time to plant." It is absolutely essential to success in making sugar, he says, that the sorghum should be fully matured, and as early planting is not safe, he thinks we must have some preparation to bring the seed up speedily. *What that is, he professes to have discovered,* and will announce in time for planting. We hope he will do so.

Useful Receipts.

To Cure Diptheria.—A gentleman, who has administered the following remedy for diptheria, informs us that it has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief:—Take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth and discharge it through the nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require. Many valuable lives may be saved, our informant confidently believes, by prompt treatment as above.

Rice Wafflks.—Beat 3 eggs; stir them into 1½ pints flour, adding by degrees 2 pints milk; add 1 pint boiled rice with 1 large spoonful butter, put in while the rice is hot. Salt, and add 2 large spoonfuls yeast.

As waffles are rather slow baking, they will be nearly as good, if baked awhile before wanted, and put into the oven to keep warm.

Stove Clinkers—A Remedy.—There is no piece of information about household matters which we can give, that will be more acceptable to all consumers of anthracite coal, than how to get rid of the clinkers that form upon the fire-brick lining of stoves, and often to such an extent as to fill up the fire-chamber of a small cylinder stove till it becomes nearly useless. It is a laborious work to break them off with a poker, and the lining bricks are often destroyed in the attempt to do so. We have known instances where the family had to suffer all the inconveniences of having the stove taken down in midwinter, to be sent to the shop for repairs, in consequence of these clinkers.

There is an easier way to get rid of them. It is this:—When a charge of coal has burned down pretty well, and is all aglow, throw in half a dozen pieces of oyster shells, and fill up with coal, and let it burn till very hot, and you will find the clinkers all in a semi-fluid state, plastic and adhesive as sticky dough, and about as easily punched off with a stiff poker. The philosophy of the thing is that the lime acts as a flux to the matter composing the clinkers, and probably limestones will answer where shells are not convenient. When the clinkers accumulate again, try the same process over again, and you will not have to send to the stove-maker at some convenient season. Now this is nothing new, but something that everybody doesn't know, and something that many who do know fail to remember when needed.

Hard Soap.—(*An Easy Process.*)—Purchase 1 pound of Taylor's Concentrated Lye. Put 3 gallons of water into a kettle; throw in the box of lye. After boiling 5 minutes add 5 pounds of good, clear, strained grease, and boil until the mixture of lye and grease seems complete. Then boil gently and add salt, a little at a time, until the soap ceases to froth and begins to form in cakes and give off the steam in puffs. It is then done.

P. S.—[About 1 pint salt.]

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 1, 36, 28, 32, 26, 38, 29, 21, 4, 31, 4, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 2, 12, 17, 28, 23, 33, 3, 15, is a cape on the Atlantic Ocean.
My 3, 8, 16, 14, is a lake in the United States.
My 4, 5, 18, 34, 39, 32, 27, 3, 17, is an island in Asia.
My 5, 15, 30, 31, 21, is a range of mountains in America.
My 6, 8, 35, 25, 20, 32, 10, is a division of Africa.
My 7, 15, 18, 10, 13, 6, is a bay in the United States.
My 8, 27, 18, 38, is a gulf in Europe.
My 9, 17, 35, 19, 37, 14, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 10, 24, 18, 2, 5, 17, 16, 21, 22, 32, 15, is a division of Asia.
My 11, 12, 28, 32, is a county in Arkansas.
My 12, 7, 19, 36, 3, 10, 6, 31, 4, is a river in Asia.

My whole is welcome in every family.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 23, 7, 28, 1, 16, 9, 7, 4, 13, 17, is a New England sea-port.
My 9, 18, 5, 13, 6, 18, is one of the Polynesia Islands.
My 19, 3, 8, 13, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 12, 3, 25, 24, 6, 31, 15, 20, 27, 24, is an attractive column of a popular newspaper.
My 29, 18, 19, 28, 18, 26, 13, 6, 26, 7, is a town in South America.
My 12, 2, 22, 23, 7, 11, 1, should be in every family.
My 21, 28, 16, 18, 28, 20, 26, 11, is a city in Europe.
My 28, 18, 6, 14, 6, 22, 24, is a mountain in North America.

My whole is the determination of all Northern patriots. A. N. MERCHANT.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 5, 2, 4, is the source of light.
My 11, 13, 18, is used in writing.
My 10, 13, 3, 10, 8, 5, is the name of a great warrior.
My 13, 17, 9, is a young deer.
My 16, 15, is an article.
My 3, 12, 13, is a color.
My 15, 17, 11, is a toy.
My 1, 2, 4, is a cake.
My 7, 6, 9, is what soldiers agreed to do.
My 14, 18, 4, is a house of refreshment.

My whole is a great feature of our present war.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ladies are fond of my first,
We are all liable to do my second.
Every father in the land is my third.
My whole is a distinguished editor.

Tonica, Illinois.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in China.
A lake in Ireland.
A town in Russia.
A county in North Carolina.
A town in Portugal.
A county in Texas.
A county in Iowa.

The initials form one of the United States.
The finals one of its principal cities.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

PUZZLE.

I often murmur, but never weep;
I lie in my bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is larger than my head,
And is always full, though never fed;
Without legs or arms I swiftly run,
The more I fall, the faster on.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing the town A to be 30 miles from B, B 25 miles from C, and C 20 miles from A; whereabouts must a house be placed that it shall be at an equal distance from each of them?

Swimmit, Pa. P. H. BONHARD.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a clock guilty of misdemeanor? Ans.—When it strikes one.

☞ Why is girl not noun? Ans.—Because alas (a lass) is an interjection.

☞ When may a chair be said to dislike you? Ans.—When it can't bear you.

☞ Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Ans.—Because he is no better.

☞ What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? Ans.—A bald head.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—"The least said is the quickest mended." BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"The poor needs entreaties, but the rich answereth roughly." CHARADE.—Music. (Mus-sick.) RIDDLE.—School-house. PROBLEM—A got 53.112987 yards, B got 46.887112 yards.

Messrs. Editors:—I send the following answers to W. K. Gondy's PROBLEM, published June 29th, 1861.—There will be poured out 23043.3703703521306 cubic inches of the water.

To PROBLEM, by O. H. S.—The length of the garden is 15 rods, and its width is 10 rods.

To PROBLEM, by A. D. YOUNG.—The required number is 15.

To ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, by Z. Fisher.—Three acres will be required to keep 15 oxen 2 weeks.

To INTEREST QUESTION, by Daniel Diefenbach, published November 2, 1861.—The young man must raise $4727.68 at the end of the 10 years to pay off the debt.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.